

fantasy newsletter

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News in Brief

Judges for the 1980 World Fantasy Awards have been announced by Assistant Awards Administrator Peter D. Pautz. This year's five judges are Stephen R. Donaldson, Frank Belknap Long, Andrew J. Offutt, Susan Wood and Ted White. The awards will be presented at the Sixth World Fantasy Convention to be held over the 1980 Halloween weekend in Baltimore, MD. Readers ballots for submitting nominations for the awards are available from convention chairman Chuck Miller, 239 North 4th St., Columbia, PA 17512. People attending this year's convention or either of the last two are eligible to nominate.

Noreascon Two, the 38th World Science Fiction Convention will be held August 29 - September 1, 1980, in Boston. Attending memberships are \$30 until July 1 and \$45 thereafter; non-attending memberships are \$8. As of mid-January, the convention had 2,703 members with 2,218 attending. Pro Guests of Honor this year are Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm; Fan Guest of Honor is Bruce Feltz; Toastmaster is Robert Silverberg. Convention members are eligible to nominate and vote for the Hugo Awards. Deadline for nominations is March 15 and for voting July 15. Noreascon Two, P. O. Box 46, MIT Branch, Cambridge, MA 02139.

Fool Con III will be held April 4-6, 1980, at Johnson Community College in Overland Park, KS. Memberships are \$5 prior to March 1 and \$6 thereafter. Pro Guests of Honor are Anne McCaffrey, Patricia McKillip and Stephen R. Donaldson; Fan Guest of Honor is Paul C. Allen (they're really scraping bottom in that category); Special Guests are Lee and Pat Killough and Carl Sherrell; and Special Guest Artists are Jawn Frank and Tim Kirk. As noted two issues ago, nominations for the annual Balrog Awards closed January 31; final ballot nominees for this year's awards are expected to be announced shortly. Membership in the convention is not required to vote for the Balrog Awards--anyone may vote. For additional information or voting ballots, write: Jonathan Bacon, Johnson Community College, College Blvd. at Quivira Road, Overland Park, KS 66210.

Just enough space left here for a few editorial remarks. "The Outlook" once again didn't make it this issue and I suspect it is still in the mail to me. Which means there may be two outlooks next month: "The Doubleday Outlook" by editor Pat LoBrutto and "The Ace Outlook" by editor James Baen. Although I'm happy to have Work in Progress back after a two month hiatus, Magazines and Feedback got squeezed out at the last minute; so did the editorial, but that won't break anyone's heart. Next issue, Karl Edward Wagner will be back with his excellent "On Fantasy" column along with the first half of an interview by Dr. Jeffrey Elliot with Katherine Kurtz. Beyond that, who knows... See you again in four weeks!

-- Paul C. Allen

fantasy newsletter

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ON FANTASY

by Fritz Leiber

"An Obsession With the Weird"

*'Sblood,
there is something in this more than natural,
if philosophy could find it out.*

—Hamlet (Act II, Sc. II)

Ideas and their backgrounds change with time. So with the supernatural. Fifty years ago I was a lone observer in a dormitory next to the gargoyle Anatomy Building at the grey Gothic University of Chicago. I admired science and the scientists who were just discovering isotopes and the neutron. I was reading Charles Fort and Lovecraft, who were still alive. I was trying to socialize myself without much success. Sex was a big mysterious problem. With difficulty I was making a few friends. I believed that my solitary observations and broodings about them were important—I called this "metaphysics," imaginative science by and for the individual, self-investigation. I was a budding introspective psychologist in a bland behaviorist camp. I was increasingly drawn to the strange, the weird, the supernatural.

Now, fifty years later, one big war and several small ones have come and gone. Also Lovecraft and Fort, a wife and several friends. (You win a few, lose a few.) Scientists have split the atom and sent probes close by the Galilean moons of Jupiter. Religion, science, and "establishments" have endured put-downs, been roughed up. The masses, liberals, and radicals have suffered at least as much. There's been a sexual revolution, liberations of ethics, homophiles, and women. Dynamic psychologists encourage, not so much self-observation as self-manipulation with guru-guidance from outside. The manipulation of others, too—action, action, action! Don't analyze! Act! I remain (or have become again) a lone observer, now in a six-storey top apartment above downtown San Francisco—introspective, a trifle more outward-looking if anything, a little more observing, still busy with my individual and dubious "metaphysics," still puzzled by many mysteries including

Sex (now joined by Alcohol, Violence, Hate, Courage, and Death). And still enthralled with the strange and frightening, the weird and supernatural. It's my impression that things have changed more than I have, and ideas most of all.

Fifty years ago the word "supernatural" was already becoming less and less religious in its connotations, especially as applied to matters of literature. No longer did it chiefly signify miraculous wonders, the hand of God, celestial powers. (Infernal, far more likely!) For a while writers like Arthur Machen (and later Charles Williams) tried to keep alive the idea of heavenly raptures and ecstasies to balance the satanic ones. But these lacked evil's glamour, its black glistening. Besides, any sort of intoxication, even the divine, sounded very dubious to puritans and supporters of Victorian morality—and to most scientists too, I'd guess. Remember, we had Prohibition then.

More and more the word "supernatural" was applied to things and events that were simply unknown, or mostly unknown, easy to dream and speculate about, hidden by time and distance and by difficulties in tying up logically—beyond the present range and grasp of science. The books of Charles Fort were filled with stuff of this sort—the secular, or a-religious, weird, we can call it—phenomena of the later flying-saucer and Bermuda-Triangle kind, strangely colored and freighted rains, giant-huge and fairy-tiny footprints, stars that behaved as if they were miles away instead of light years. Fort didn't use this material to reinforce ancient legends and superstitions (though some thirty years later there would, oddly, be people doing something very like that)—no! for to Fort that would have been giving ammunition to



the godstruck simpletons and their witchdoctors. He haphazardly put forward loosely science-fictional or purely whimsical explanations, occasionally writing with great verve and humor, but always maintaining that because scientists couldn't ex-

plain these things, they dogmatically denied them outright, swept them under the carpet. The scientists became for Fort the new lackeys, succeeding the priests, of the money and power establishment.

This disturbed me, though I felt a perverse attraction. The scientists were my heroes, combating superstition, bringing light into darkness, kindling my own imagination. It was a long time before I could see the villainy in a Fritz Haber, the poison gas promoter. Even my American chemistry books assured me that gas was a more humane weapon than, say, shrapnel, because it disabled for a long period more soldiers than it killed outright.

To what extent were the materials of the secular weird actually frightening? Did they produce genuine frissons when used in the supernatural horror (or terror) stories of Lovecraft such as "The Whisperer in Darkness" or (later) in the novel *Sinister Barrier* which led off the magazine *Unknown*? Well, they frightened me, but I must confess that some others who liked them claimed they found them merely pleasurable grotesque, enjoyably strange. While those of my college companions who were getting into the proletarian movements of the 1930s and becoming aware of realer social dangers found the whole field frivolous.

During the fifty years of this article (1930-80) one aspect of the weird tale which became increasingly clear to me was its close but often disguised link with sex. Inhibited and frightened sexuality powered many of the early-century supernatural stories. "Nameless horrors" equated with Roman orgies, kinky or even normal sex. This is perhaps clearest (now) in Machen's *The Great God Pan* and *The Three Imposters*, while the secret crime that weighs the soul of Dorian Grey is homosexuality.

Machen himself became increasingly aware of this, judging from his later story, "The Children of the Pool." The narrator, a writer of advanced middle age, spends a vacation in Wales and is unnerved by an auditory apparition which manifests itself to him at a lonely woodland pool: a girlish voice screaming obscenities.

Eventually he recalls a long-unremembered, almost traumatizing experience of his late adolescence. When he had first gone to London to make his living as a writer, he had roomed in the house of a respectable couple with two equally young daughters. He and the elder discover sex together. The younger daughter grows jealous, surprises them, and

on their unwisely making no attempt to placate her, shouts their guilty secret to the whole house. There follows a nightmare scene in which he is turned out into the street. The narrator's vocal ghost has been explained to his satisfaction.

Remember, these stories came from a period when sexual descriptions could not be explicit, when the writer had to make his points indirectly by carefully-thought-out hints which sometimes read ludicrously now. Then, as sexual liberation proceeded, first in areas of speech and writing, than in that of actions, the supernatural story slowly lost this source of powering dreads and tensions. Or rather, it lost that part of sex's power which had been due to the secrecy, false guilts and awesome taboos surrounding it. For even stripped of those, sex remains a mysterious and primitive power, not always capable of being domesticated into the simple source of harmless delight envisioned by *Playboy* philosophies and Wellsian, *Brave New World* utopias. Now the writer must (or at any rate ought to) think things out carefully, separate true from false glammers, before introducing sex into a story.

But I don't want to leave these earlier times without expressing my gratitude to Necronomicon Press for making available to us Lovecraft's story, "The Lurking Fear," as it was published in 1923 in the first four numbers of the magazine *Home Brew* complete with Clark Ashton Smith's inside illustrations and the four covers for those issues. My reasons are somewhat wicked, I fear.

Weird Tales frequently embarrassed its more sensitive readers and authors with cover art featuring unclad females, most notably the glazed pastel nudes of Mrs. Brundage. Not that she was the only one to do it. Most of the other artists tried to, too, even old-fashioned Snaf; she was merely the best at it. It was an apprentice practice, really, considering the linkage of the weird with sex, and in any case Mrs. Brundage's nudes were inoffensive, playful rather than seriously intended, even when at their sado-masochism. In the scenes of girls whipping girls, the victims never registered pain, only a sometimes tearful sulkiness, while their equally beautiful tormentors narrowed their ruby lips and struck graceful poses.

"The Lurking Fear" is the simplistic tale of a much-decayed New York Dutch colonial family, bestial and cannibalistic, who have retreated underground and come out only when it thunders—a whole horde of

Arthur Jermyns instead of just the one.

Smith's inside illustrations do not shine, though I'd guess Lovecraft got the job for his friend-by-correspondence. They are crudely reproduced and as crudely drawn—the Martense mansion on Tempest Mountain becomes a hilltop shack. Most of the scenes are of trees with mangrove-like roots which have human shapes and genitalia interspersed with a scattering of fungi and flowers showing the phallos and genital cleft. The effect is playful, comic. While the climactic cellar scene depicts the degenerate Martenses pouring from a crack in the earth like so many smudgy mannikins with spindly arms, dirty-faced dancing dolls, hand in hand, smirking and twirling. The effect is jolly, and perhaps Smith intended it so.

But the utterly non-weird covers of *Home Brew* by an artist of no competence tickle me most. They depict four girls, of whom the first two are scantily clad (February's appropriately ice-skates), March's skirt blows high in the park as a squirrel peeks, while April, rushing things a bit, capers boldly in the altogether amongst spring flowers.

Poor old Lovecraft! No more respectably companioned in *Home Brew* than in *Weird Tales*. What courage it must have taken him to keep on writing in such company! Maybe he smiled a few times himself.

Along with the sexual revolution there's been an even more steadily growing awareness of violence in the world. One can almost talk about "the liberation of violence," in the sense of a growing freedom to talk about it, write about it, depict it, act it out to any point short of the real thing, real injuries.

There's the violence in the real world out there common to all of us, the framework-world on which our individual awarenesses are arrayed, and then there's that same violence insofar as we each know of it and may speak of it, write of it, take action against it (against the wars, the enslavements, the hidden tyrannies). And then there's the violence that wells up inside each of us, crystallizing into forms of consciousness, and the degree to which we may speak and write of (and act out!) those awarenesses.

Whichever end we start from, outer or inner, it's the moment of present individual awareness that each of us comes to—the point where inner and outer meet—and so it's no wonder that consciousness-altering chemicals and disciplines have been another major preoccupation

(Continued on page 30.)

specialty publishers

LOOMPANICS UNLIMITED

The *Iron Law of Bureaucracy* is a hilarious collection of cartoons by Alexis Gilliland that recently appeared from Loompanics Unlimited. Gilliland is a fan cartoonist (one of the best) who has twice been nominated for a Hugo and won the FAAN fan artist award two years in a row. His zany creations have appeared in a number of magazines, including *SF Review*, *Locust* and *Algol*. *Iron Law* is a 112-page, trade paperback collection of some 200 of his best cartoons, with an introduction by William Rotsler. It is priced at \$4.95. I hope Loompanics does well on this one—I'd like to see more volumes like it. Loompanics Unlimited, P. O. Box 264, Mason, MI 48854.

PULP PRESS

Available now from Robert Weinberg and Ray Walsh at Pulp Press is the first volume in a series of clothbound pulp reprints: *Hades & Hocus Pocus* by Lester Dent. As noted back in *FN #14*, this is not a Doc Savage novel, but two short, humorous mystery novels that originally appeared in *Argosy* magazine in 1936 and 1937. *Hades* is about a film producer who discovers demons

from hell and served as a model for Dent's last Doc Savage story ("Up From the Earth's Center"). *Hocus Pocus* concerns the adventures of a magician who tangles with a sinister cult. Also included in the book is an introduction by *Will Murray*.

The 181-page, 6" by 9½" volume is bound in a nicely textured cloth and features a two-color dust jacket illustration by *Frank Hamilton*. It is priced at \$12.95 and is limited to 1,000 copies. Pulp Press, 10606 S. Central Park, Chicago, IL 60655. Due out from Wein

Due out in March from Weinberg, under his own imprint, is *Pulp Classics #21*, entitled *The Death Dealers*. It will be a softcover collection of four stories from the hero pulps: "The Death Dealer" (featuring G-77), "Merchants of Panic" (the FBI vs the Black Dragons), "Doctor Zero" (Wade Hammond) and "The Silver Secret" (the Moon Man). As with previous volumes, it will be limited to 500 copies and will feature a *Stephen Fabian* cover. Price will be \$5.50. *Pulp Classics #22*, according to Bob, will be a history of *Secret Agent X* by *Tom Johnson* and *Will Murray*. It will be illustrated with cover reproductions from all of the *Secret Agent X* issues that were published.

Currently in preparation with *Mike Ashley* for late summer or early fall publication is a tribute to

Astounding/Analog. The volume will be similar in format to Weinberg's previous *Weird Tales* tribute (*WT 50*) and will include a complete index to the magazine, in addition to interviews with and memoirs by many of the magazine's contributors.

MANUSCRIPT PRESS

"When I started collecting science fiction, I was fascinated by that rarest of collectables, the unpublished manuscript," reports Rick Norwood, founder of Manuscript Press. In his searches, he uncovered unpublished manuscripts by Philip Jose Farmer, Hal Clement, and R. A. Lafferty, as well as film scripts by Gene Roddenberry, Leigh Brackett and Theodore Sturgeon. As a result of his fascination, he decided to form Manuscript Press.

His second title, released just two months ago, is *Archipelago* by R. A. Lafferty, a contemporary fantasy novel that even the publisher claims is indescribable. The novel is the first volume in a trilogy entitled "The Devil is Dead." The 283-page, 5½" by 8" hardcover, in an unillustrated dust jacket, is priced at \$12.95 and is limited to 1,500 copies. A signed and numbered 100-copy edition is also available at \$15.

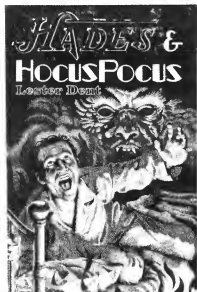
Still available is the first volume in what Norwood is calling his "Lost Manuscript" series, *Left of Africa*, an historical novel with science fiction overtones by *Hal Clement*. The novel was published in a 700-copy edition in 1976 under the Aurlon Society Press imprint. The 160-page, 5½" by 7½" clothbound book is illustrated *Dany Frolich*, with a two-color illustrated dust jacket. The price on this one is \$12. Both titles may be ordered from Norwood's distributor: P.D.A. Enterprises, Box 8010, New Orleans, LA 70182. Or, I suppose, from Rick Norwood himself at Box 51576, Lafayette, LA 70501.

ARCHIVAL PRESS

Back in *FN #14*, I noted that Robert K. Wiener at Archival Press had signed an agreement with *Michael Moorcock* to pick up where Blue Star Publishers had left off in producing deluxe, limited clothbound editions of Moorcock's *Erlc* books. Blue Star published the first volume, *Erlc of Melniboné*, in 1977.

Wiener recently announced that he will begin publishing the remaining volumes this summer with *The Sailor on the Seas of Fate*, illus-

(Continued on page 31, Col. 3)



Artist: Frank Hamilton

COMPARED UNLIMITED PRESENTS:

THE IRON LAW OF BUREAUCRACY

CARTOONS



BY ALEXIS GILLILAND

Artist: Alexis Gilliland

trade books



Artist: John Cages

DOUBLEDAY

First, a brief recap of January releases from Doubleday. Last issue I noted the publication of *Firet Channel* by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, but neglected to include a reminder about *Mockingbird* by Walter Tevis (previews in FW #21). The latter novel has appeared and is reviewed this issue in the Book Review section.

A third release announced for January, but not yet seen here, is *Neglected Visions*, an anthology of SF stories that, "for a variety of reasons, have been denied the awards and recognition they deserve." The volume is edited by Barry N. Malzberg, Martin Greenberg and Joseph Olander, and contains a controversial introduction by Malzberg. Included in the anthology are stories by Kris Neville, Eric Russell and Katherine MacLean, among others. The price is \$7.95.

February science fiction releases out now from Doubleday are *Cosmic Encounter* by A. E. Van Vogt and *Timetripping* by Jack Dann. The Van Vogt novel is an SF adventure about an alien spaceship that lands in the Carribbean sea in 1704 and its time travelling occupant who becomes the cabin boy of a pirate ship. *Timetripping* is a collection of Jack Dann stories that includes: "I'm With You in Rockland," "Rags," "Timetripping," "Windows," "A Quiet Revolution for Death," "The Drum Lollipop," "Days of Stone," "Night Visions," "Fragmentary Blue," "The Dybbuk Dolls," "Camps," "The Marks of Painted Teeth," "Among the Mountaintains," and "Junction," along with



Artist: Margy Henn

an introduction by Roger Zelazny. Both volumes are priced at \$8.95.

Scheduled for February, but not seen at this writing, is H. Warner Munn's long-awaited historical epic, *The Lost Legion*. Set in Rome shortly after the time of Christ, the Thirteenth Legion is sent on an impossible quest to the edge of the known world in search of a legion lost 100 years before. This is a long, 600+ page novel, priced at \$14.95.

Cinematic: The Story of Special Effects by Jane O'Connor and Katy Hall is a nonfiction book for young readers explaining how special effects are created for such movies as *Superman* and *Star Wars*, illustrated with 50 black and white photos. Also for young readers (grades 1-3) is *Super Spy K-13 in Outer Space* by Bob Teague, an SF adventure novel about a hero described as "James Bond cum Clark Kent" who has to save the world from four super-crooks who have been exiled to Planet X; it is illustrated in color by Sammie McLean. Both books are \$6.95.

Coming in March is a new science fiction novel by Gene Lancour, author of the heroic fantasy novels of Dirshan the God-Killer, entitled *The Globes of Llarum*. Taking place on a frontier planet in the Milky Way, the adventure novel concerns a guerrilla war waged by a mercenary soldier against aliens who want to control the planet's energy resources. It will be priced at \$7.95. Also scheduled is *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction: A 30-Year Retrospective* edited by Edward Ferman. The anthology will feature a selection of the best short

stories and novelettes from that magazine, along with a retrospective introduction by Ferman, and will be priced at \$10.

Books for young readers in March will include a re-telling of *Beauty and the Beast* by Rosemary Harrie, with 32 full color illustrations by Errol Le Cain, and *Aesop's The Lion and the Mouse*, illustrated in black and white by Ed Young. Both titles are aimed at grades 1-3 and are priced at \$7.95.

Due out in April is volume two of Isaac Asimov's autobiography, entitled *In Joy Still Felt*, covering the years 1954-78. The volume will include 24 pages of photographs and will be priced at \$17.95.

The House Between Two Worlds by Marion Zimmer Bradley is a contemporary fantasy novel slated for April about a man who enrolls in a parapsychology course and agrees to take an experimental drug. Rather than raising his ESP potential, the drug transfers his mind to an alien dimension. Also on tap is a new collection of Barry N. Malzberg stories entitled *The Man Who Loved the Midnight Lady*. Included in the volume are 28 stories and two essays. Both of these releases will be priced at \$7.95.

In the young readers department for April, Doubleday will reprint *D'Aulaires' Book of Greek Myths* by Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire. Aimed at age 12 and below, the large format trade paperback will be illustrated in color and black and white. Price will be \$5.95. For grades 4-5, *King of the Cats and Other Tales* by Natalie Savage Carlson is a collection of eight stories about goblins, sirens and other legendary creatures of Breton folklore. The book will be illustrated by David Frampton and priced at \$7.95. Doubleday & Co., Inc., 245 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

Just out from Houghton Mifflin Company on this issue goes to press is *The Last Immortal* by J. O. Jeppson, the wife of writer Isaac Asimov. This is her second novel; her first was *The Second Experiment*, published by Houghton Mifflin in 1974. See the book review section this issue for additional details.

Another February release is *A Reader's Guide to the Stimarillion* by Paul H. Kooser, author of *Master of Middle-Earth*. In this 304-page volume, he examines the origins and themes of Tolkien's *The Stimarillion*. Price is \$9.95.

Unfortunately, that's about it for Houghton Mifflin releases until May (which I'll cover next issue),



except for a juvenile title due in March: *Boris and the Monsters* by Elaine Macmann Willoughby. This is a story for ages 4-8 about a young boy who sees monsters lurking in the shadows of his bedroom at night and is illustrated by Lynn Mensinger. It will be priced at \$7.95. Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park St., Boston, MA 02107.

HARPER & ROW

Two February releases out from Harper & Row are *The Beginning Place* by Ursula K. Le Guin and *Nebula Winners Thirteen* edited by Samuel R. Delany. The *Le Guin* novel is a fantasy that starts out in a contemporary setting with a young man—a store clerk living with his mother—discovering a peaceful stream "away from it all" to which he enjoys escaping. On the other side and in another world, a young girl passes through the gateway to encounter him and the two find a new world across their stream. A complex and intriguing novel, priced at \$8.95.

The *Nebula* volume is an anthology of three winners and three final ballot nominees for the 1977 Nebula Awards: "Jeffy is Five" by Harlan Ellison, "Air Raid" by John Varley, "The Screwfly Solution" by Raocoonia Sheldon, "Particle Theory" by Edward Bryant, "Stardance" by Spider and Jeanne Robinson, and "Astecs" by Vonda N. McIntyre. Price is \$10.95.

Scheduled for April publication from Harper & Row is the first edition of *Lord Valentine's Castle* by Robert Silverberg, expanded from its serialization in the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* at \$12.50. Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd St., New York, NY 10022.

HOLT, RINEHART & WINSTON

In March, Holt, Rinehart & Winston will publish the first trade edition of *Larry Niven's* sequel to *Ringworld*, *The Ringworld Engineers*.



The novel is about a return expedition to Ringworld by three of the characters in the original novel. It was recently serialized in four parts in *Galileo* magazine and appeared as a 500-copy, limited edition volume from Phantasia Press, priced at \$30. This trade first edition will be priced at \$9.95.

ATHENEUM/ARGO BOOKS

Slated for March release from Atheneum Publishers, under the Argo Books imprint, are five new fantasy and science fiction novels. *Unicorn* is a fantasy about a girl invited to a farmhouse for dinner who overhears talk of an ark and a coming flood. Her worst fears are realized when she finds the unicorns... *Green is for Galax* by Josephine Rector Stone is an SF novel about a conflict between children with ESP and killer androids on an artificial world. *The Castle of Hape* by Shirley Rousseau Murphy is her third fantasy novel about the Seers of Ere and a sequel to her earlier *The Ring of Fire* and *The Wolf Bell*. *The Nearest Fire* by Cherry Wilder is an SF sequel to her previous *The Luck of Brin's Five*. And *Galactic Warlord* by Douglas Hill (his first novel) is a science fiction adventure about one man's quest to prevent an evil genius called the Warlord from destroying the galaxy.

The first three titles noted above are priced at \$8.95; the Wilder book at \$9.95; and the Hill novel at \$6.95.

An April release that will appear under the Atheneum imprint is *The Nightwalker* by Thomas Tessier, an occult horror novel that received advance praise from Peter Straub. The story concerns a young American living in London who finds

Artist: Chesabach Markinact



Artist: Dale Gustafson

that his mind and body are slowly being transformed into a creature that walks the night. It will be priced at \$8.95. Atheneum Publishers, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017.

ARBOR HOUSE

Due out in April from Arbor House is *The Arbor House Treasury of Modern Science Fiction* edited by Robert Silverberg and Martin H. Greenberg. This is a massive 750+ page anthology reprinting 39 stories by the best names in the field. Following are the contents: "Angel's Egg" by Edgar Pangborn, "Rescue Party" by Arthur C. Clarke, "Shape" by Robert Sheakley, "Alpha Ralph Boulevard" by Cordwainer Smith, "Winter's King" by Ursula K. Le Guin, "Or All the Seas With Oysters" by Avram Davidson, "Common Time" by James Blish, "When You Care, When You Love" by Theodore Sturgeon, "The Shadow of Space" by Philip Jose Farmer, "All You Zombies—" by Robert A. Heinlein, "I'm Scared" by Jack Finney, "Child's Play" by Wil-Liam Tenn, "Grandpa" by James H. Schmitz, "Private Eye" by Henry Kuttner, "Sundance" by Robert Silverberg, "In the Bowl" by John Varley, "Kaleidoscope" by Ray Bradbury, "Unready to Wear" by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., "Wall of Crystal, Eye of Night" by Algis Budrys...

Enough. That's just page one of the two-page contents page(s) and I imagine you get the message—it is massive. It should be of particular interest to libraries and beginning collectors. The book will be available in hardcover at \$19.95 and as a Prism trade paperback at \$8.95. Arbor House, 235 East 45th St., New York, NY 10017.

ACE BOOKS

Ace Books' trade paperback release for April will be a new **Larry Niven** novel, *The Patchwork Girl*. This is a science fiction murder mystery involving Niven's investigator Gil Hamilton. When a high-ranking diplomat is murdered while attending a conference on the Moon, Hamilton's former love interest, Naomi Mitchison, becomes the prime suspect. The penalty, if she is found guilty, is to be sentenced to the organ banks for later use as spare parts...which I assume accounts for the "Patchwork" of the title. The \$4.95 trade paperback will contain more than 50 interior illustrations by **Fernando Fernandez**, with a wraparound cover illustration by **Enric**. Ace Books, 360 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10010.

BERKLEY BOOKS

Scheduled for late February release (at this writing) from Berkley is *Magic Time*, a new novel by **Kit Reed**. This is an SF story about "the ultimate amusement park," according to Berkley, "where anything can happen--and does." The hardcover will be priced at \$10.95.

Other titles planned for later spring and summer release are: *The Northern Girl* by **Elizabeth A. Lynn** (the third in her "Chronicles of Tornor" trilogy), *Wizard* by **John Varley**, *The Magic Labyrinth* by **Philip Jose Farmer**, *Ascendancies* by **D. G. Compton** and *City of Baraboo* by **Barry B. Longyear**. Berkley Publishing Corp., 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.

SCHOCKEN BOOKS

A March release from Schocken Books is a new edition of the clas-

sic fairy tales of **Hans Christian Andersen** entitled, *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales*. The 96-page hardcover collection will feature 20 full color illustrations by **Sumiko** and will be priced at \$9.95.

As noted in Mike Ashley's column this issue, **Allison & Busby** in Great Britain are reprinting two of **Barrington J. Bayley's** novels, *Empire of Two Worlds* and *Annihilation Factor*, as well as issuing a new collection of his stories, *The Seed of Evil*. All three titles will be marketed in the U.S. in April by Schocken Books and will be available in trade paperback at \$4.95 as well as in hardcover at \$11.95. Schocken Books, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.

ELSEVIER/NELSON BOOKS

Released in early February by Elsevier/Nelson Books (and J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd. in Britain) is *A Chilling Collection*, an anthology of vintage and recent stories, edited by **Helen Hoke**. The 13 stories included in the volume are: "An Age About the House" by **Arthur C. Clarke**, "The Questioning Ghost" by **Jeanne B. Hardendorff**, "The Davenport" by **Jack Ritchie** (an original), "The Good Knight Ghost" by **Jeanne Bendick**, "The Invisible Boy" by **Ray Bradbury**, "The Feather Reader" by **Ida Chittum**, "The Boy Who Drew Cats" by **Lafcadio Hearn**, "Not Quite Martin" by **Leon Wilson**, "The Hungry Old Witch" by **Blenks Finger**, "The White Lady of Chlenkinsopp" by **Winifred Pinlay** and **Gillian Hancock**, "The Empty Schoolroom" by **Pamela Hansford Johnson**, "The Girl Who Clung to the Devil's Back" by **Dorothy Gladys Spioer**, and "The Ghost Who Came to Stay," by **Joseph and Edith Raskin**, in addition to six poems.

The Talking Coffins of Cryo-

City by **Shirley Parenteau** is a science fiction novel for young adults about life in a future world of cryogenics and controlled weather. The young heroine of the novel is declared guilty by a computer judge of interfering with the programmed weather and is sentenced to be frozen in a capsule in Cryo-City. Both books are priced at \$7.95. Elsevier/Nelson Books, 2 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016.

THE DONNING COMPANY

Wonderworks by **Michael Whelan**, according to a recent note from Starblaze Editions editor **Hank Stine**, has sold out its first printing and recently went back to press for a second printing. This was a 120-page collection of Whelan's artwork, most of it reproduced in full color, that appeared last year from The Donning Co. as a Starblaze Special. The 8 1/2" by 11" volume is available in trade paperback at \$7.95 and in hardcover at \$13.95. Stine also informs me that copies of the limited, signed and numbered, boxed edition are still available at \$30 from the publisher.

Announced for January publication, but not seen at press time, is the long-awaited ninth volume in the Starblaze Editions series, *Castaways in Time* by **Robert Adams**. The novel is a science fiction adventure that involves a typical American male who looks out his back window one day and discovers that a 16th century Scottish castle has materialized in his back yard. The trade paperback is illustrated by **Kelly Freas** and priced at \$4.95. The Donning Co./Publishers, 5041 Admiral Wright Road, Virginia Beach, VA 23462.

CROWN PUBLISHERS

A new book for movie buffs that

Artist: Enric



Artist: Michael Eagle



THE TALKING COFFINS OF CRYO-CITY
Shirley Parenteau

should be out from Crown Publishers at about the time this issue hits the bookstores (late February) is *Making A Monster* by Al Taylor and Sue Roy. This is an excellent 278-page study of the makeup artists and makeup techniques that make SF and horror movies possible. In 25 chapters the authors cover the careers of as many makeup artists, with detailed information about the creations of their most famous characters and monsters. In addition to an introduction by *Christopher Lee*, the book is packed with more than 400 photographs, most of them behind-the-scenes photos of many famous characters from the movies during makeup sessions. I spent the better part of an evening pouring over this book and found it fascinating. Price is \$14.95. Crown Publishers, One Park Ave., New York, NY 10016.

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

Another movie book that appeared in January from St. Martin's is the first trade paperback edition of *Future Tense: The Cinema of Science Fiction* by John Brosnan. This was a \$15 hardcover last year (see *FN #12*) and can now be had for \$7.95. The volume is an historical survey covering some 400 films, including plot summaries, developments in special effects, and the differences between written and filmed SF, as well as critical evaluations of better known SF films. In addition to a foreword by *Harry Harrison*, the volume features more than 100 stills plus an appendix of SF on television. St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010.



Makeup artist Dick Smith carefully inserts an eye plug made from gelatin, glycerine, and bread crumbs in the eye socket of this gory apparition appearing in the film *The Sentinel*. (Photo courtesy of Dick Smith and Crown Publishers; from: *Making A Monster* by Al Taylor and Sue Roy.)



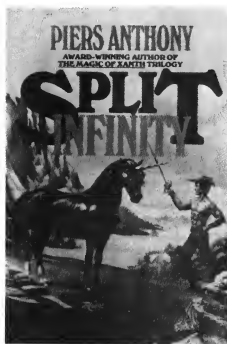
work in progress

Marion Zimmer Bradley recently signed with DAW Books for two more Darkover novels, in addition to the recently published anthology, *The Keeper's Price*, and her forthcoming Darkover novel from DAW, *Two to Conquer*. Tentative titles for the two new novels are *Sharra's Exile* and *Hawkmistress*. "The first is a sequel to *The Heritage of Bastur*," she notes, "dealing with Lew Alton's return to Darkover and the conquest of the Sharra Matrix; thus it will more or less replace, in the series, my very early novel *The Sword of Aldones*. *Hawkmistress* is a novel I have been thinking about for some time, dealing with something I started to deal with in *Two to Conquer* about the *Larax*, which is empathy with animals or birds, the ability to communicate with alien species."

Currently in the works, despite multiple health problems, is *Mistress of Magic*, "a novel about the women of the Malory King Arthur cycle; Igraine, mother of Arthur, the Lady of the Lake who gave him his sword Excalibur, Morgan le Fay, and a couple of others." Ballantine has contracted for the novel.

Completed and forthcoming novels are: *Survey Ship*, which Ace will be publishing this year as an illustrated novel (a second novel is planned); *House Between the Worlds*, which Doubleday will publish in April, as reported in "Trade Books" this issue; and *The Web of Darkness*, an Atlantean novel about magic, to be printed by The Donning Company.

As noted last issue, Del Rey Books will be publishing as a hardcover release in April the first volume in a new fantasy/SF trilogy by Piers Anthony, entitled *Split Infinity*. Says Anthony about the new trilogy: "I like to do new things, original things, and so this is my attempt to merge hardcore SF with hardcore fantasy without sacrificing the clarity or force of the storyline. I believe I am succeeding, and I hope the readers agree. I also have the satisfaction of portraying a protagonist who wows fair maidens and slays dragons without being a huge handsome barbarian hero. He stands an inch under five feet tall and is a capable jockey—he rides horses for a living. Then he tries to ride a unicorn... The thing is, I was always small—about his size—until I put on a late spurt of growth and finished a foot taller. I identify with the small

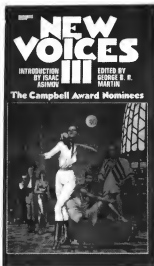


man. So this is no 'little moron' type of thing; this character is serious and I hope the readers, of whatever height, will take him that way."

"I am now amid the first draft of the second novel, *Blue Adapt*, having just proceeded from a tank battle to a dialogue with a friendly vampire (vampires have had a bad press). This fiction is more serious than the Xanth novels were, but still it has its light moments, I believe I like it better than the Xanth novels."

Another novel, currently half written, is *The Shade of the Tree*. This is his first horror novel, written without a contract, and he has no plans to write the second half unless a publisher comes along to pick it up. "The situation," he explains, "is a haunted piece of land where the horrendous Skunk Ape of Florida seems to lurk. Yet it is not quite certain that the Skunk Ape can account for the insidious effects. I don't know myself how this will work out; I have done well in SF and in light fantasy, but have yet to prove myself in horror."

An epic fantasy currently in the works has this unlikely title: *If I Pay Thee Not in Gold, I Will Pay Thee in Silver*. "That is what the lady says," he explains, "to a creature who intimates that a lovely woman like her can abate her monetary debt to him in a fashion other than monetary, and she is disinclined. She happens to be an ex-



clement magician, but such is the nature of her suitor that she can not readily turn him aside. This is a feminist novel, conceived in response to femmefans' objections to my Xanth novels as being male-sexist." Also in the planning stages are a WW III horror novel and a WW II mainstream novel.

His most recent sale is a 183,000-word novel to Avon, *Mute*. "Mute," he notes, "stands for mutation, mutilation and mutiny, which relate to the theme of the novel. It shows a society in which many human mutants exist, some of whom are psi-mutes: telepaths, telekinetics, teleporters and the like."

George R. R. Martin reports that he has sold and is working on two additional volumes of *New Voices* (IV and V), featuring new material by John W. Campbell Award finalists. As noted in "Paperbacks" this issue, Volume III is an April release from Berkley.

In collaboration with Lisa Tuttle, he has sold *Windhaven*, a new SF novel, to Pocket Books. "The novel is a continuation of 'The Storms of Windhaven,' which was a Hugo and Nebula finalist in 1976." Sections of the novel will appear in *Analog* and *Galileo*. A solo novel, currently in the works, is tentatively titled *Red Thirst*. "It is SF/horror/fantasy (pick your subgenre) set on the Mississippi River in the middle 1800s," he notes. In addition, his short story "Sand-kings" (*Omit*, August 1979) has been optioned to the movies.

Robert Adams has quite a bit of news to report about his Horseclans series. As noted in "Paperbacks" this issue, *The Patrimony* will be out in April from Signet. He is currently completing #7 in the series, *Horseclans Odyssey*, for probable fall publication from Signet.

Pinnacle Books will be reprinting his first novel in the series, *The Coming of the Horseclans*, with a new cover. "Odyssey, insofar as a time sequence is concerned, takes place about 18 years before *Coming of the Horseclans*," he notes.

He has also made tentative arrangements with an east coast publisher to print three limited edition, heavily illustrated chapbooks of his three yet-unpublished Horseclans novelettes: "The Hunter," "The Siege of Three-House," and "The Return of Maylo Morre." On other fronts, two fans in West Germany have designed a Horseclans game they intend to market and a Japanese filmmaker has expressed interest in developing the series.

"*Killoon and Stairway to Forever* are still making the rounds," he adds, "as, too, is my historical trilogy, *Chattan House*. Recent editorial comment upon my loonng SF, *One Last Rebel*: "...we all loved the book, Robert, but...you have managed within 412 pages of ms. to offend every conceivable minority in the U.S.A...." What I need is a publisher with guts."

Andrew Offutt writes in to note he has just completed his first SF novel in more than five years: *King Dragon*. "A story about two people from drastically different cultures," he notes, "and their coping with a planet that isn't but could be called Adversity. The planet was terraformed by a means set out by Carl Sagan in a 1961 *Science* article; saganation, it's called in *AD*." In the novel, Offutt claims he is recreating the "Lost World" novels of Haggard and Doyle through the use of science. The book was based upon an idea from Ace editor James Baen and was also based in part on more than 40 illustrations done (before writing began) by Esteban Maroto. It will be an Ace trade paperback release later this year.

Offutt's next book on the stands will be *The Lady of the Snowmist*, the final volume in his Iron Lords trilogy. He notes that it is long, answers a lot of questions raised in the first two, and has a rousing ending. And, when queried, he noted that even he does not know when *Conan the Mercenary* and his two Cormac mac Art novels will be out from Ace.

Chelsea Quinn Yarbro appears to be keeping very busy of late. In April, Pocket Books will publish *Ariosto* (orig. *Ariosto Furioso*) and Signet will release *Sins of Omission*, as reported in "Paperbacks" this issue. Her fourth Saint-Germain novel, *Path of the Eolipee*,

was turned into her publisher in November and her proposal for the fifth and last book in the series has been accepted. (The first three in the series were *Hotel Tranylvania*, *The Palace* and *Blood Games*.)

Her most recent project has been the novelization of a screenplay, *Dead and Buried*, the next big project from Ron Shusett and Dan O'Bannon, who did *Alien*. "I finished that last week and turned it in," she reports. "So far, New York has okayed the ms and we are waiting for the response from Hollywood. I understand the book will be out in July, something of a speed record, at least in my experience."

In the meantime, she has been working on a new novel for Doubleday with the working title of *Hyacinths (to feed your soul)*. The week she wrote me, Yarbro was writing a Saint-Germain novelette, "The Spider Glass." "After that," she notes, "back to *Hyacinths* while I finish the research on Count #5. I should have the fifth Saint-Germain done next September, and then, I don't know precisely what I'll be doing. I'd like to work on one of my straight historicals."

Orson Scott Card provides an update on his original anthology about dragons, *Dragon Tales*. The anthology is now two volumes, both of which will be illustrated trade paperbacks from Ace. *Dragons of Light* will appear in October and *Dragons of Darkness* will be published a year later. Following are the contents to both volumes with story titles followed by author/artist:

Dragons of Light: "The Ice Dragon" by George R. R. Martin/Alicia Austin, "The George Business" by Roger Zelazny/Geoffrey Darrow, "Though All the Mountains Lie Between" by Jeff Carver/Clyde Caldwell, "A Drama of Dragons" by Craig Shaw Gardner/Gini Shurtleff, "One Winter in Eden" by Michael Bishop/Wal Lakey, "The Silken Dragon" by Steve McDonald/Ron Miller, "Eagle Worm" by Jessica Amanda Salmonson/Glen Edwards, "If I Die Before I Wake" by Greg Bear/Greg Bear, "As Above, So Below" by John M. Ford/July King/Rienzi, "Lady of the Purple Forest" by Allan Brunton/George Barr, "The Dragon's Clubs" by Stephen Kimmel/Tom Miller, "Cockfight" by Jane Yolen/Dora Matiz, and "Draconis Occidental" (verse) by Jean Stevenson/Tina Bear.

Dragons of Darkness: "Filed Teeth" by Glen Cook/Michael Whelan, "Vince's Dragon" by Ben Bova/Tim Kirk, "Fear of Fly" by Lynn Mims/Ron Miller, "The Storm King" by Joan

(Continued on page 30, Col. 3)

WARREN'S NEWS & REVIEWS

film news by Bill Warren

Star Trek - The Motion Picture and *The Black Hole* (see reviews below) both opened to extremely large grosses. In fact, *The Black Hole* had the largest opening day box-office receipts of any Disney film, and *Star Trek* of any film whatsoever. A large percentage of that money is due to the high ticket prices and the great number of theaters showing the films, but the figures are still quite impressive. However, receipts for *Star Trek* at least have fallen off as I write (December 31st), and I suspect the same will be true of *The Black Hole*, because most people find both films disappointing.

Unfortunately, I suspect top executives at all studios will decide that the lowered grosses mean that people are tiring of big-budget science fiction films. The opening day receipts should indicate to them that people are anxious to see pleasing big-budget SF films. When *The Empire Strikes Back* opens to huge grosses and maintains them, those executives will decide that its making so much money solely because it's a sequel to *Star Wars*.

Disney and Paramount are co-producing *Popeye* and *Dragon Slayer*, both fantastic, both with large budgets. This is the first time Disney has co-produced with any other company.

There's a new film based on *Alice in Wonderland* in production in Poland, starring Susannah York and Jean-Pierre Cassel, among others. The working title is *Alice*. And, for British television and possibly American showings, there's a new *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, starring David Hemmings.

Stephen King's *The Stand* will be directed by George Romero, who will also direct King's first original screenplay, *Creepshow*. Romero's abilities as director have been growing since *Night of the Living Dead*, so the results should be interesting.

TV: There will be a TV-movie sequel to *The Stepford Wives*. Instead of the obvious title, *The Stepford Husbands*, the film is to be called *Revenge of the Stepford Wives*. *The Curse of King Tut's Tomb* is another TV-movie, starring Raymond Burr. John D. MacDonald's *The Girl, the Gold Watch and Everything* is also getting the TV-movie treatment. Another TV feature is *Alien*

Force, although this may turn up as a series. Another series, which may already have debuted and been cancelled by the time you read this -- TV being what it is these days -- is *Beyond Westworld*.

Roger Corman has announced a large number of fantastic films, some of which will probably be filmed. The titles include *Battle Beyond the Stars*, *Don't Open the Door*, *Humanoids From the Deep*, *Hawk the Slayer*, *Toei's Galaxy Express* and *The Last World War*.

Sean Connery is going to star in another futuristic suspense story, *Outland*. This is being made for Warner Bros. release by the Ladd Co., and will be produced by Richard A. Roth and written-directed by Peter Hyams.

Second to the Right and Straight on Till Morning, written by Marjorie Sigley and directed by Paul Duret, is about a young girl who escapes from her parent's divorce into a fantasy about Peter Pan. It will feature scenes in her fantasy world, derived from the statue of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens.

Search at Loch Ness will be shot in Australia, perversely enough. Producer Peter Simone has commissioned a Nessie from Bob Matthey, who built the shark for *Jaws*.

Special Effects Showcase

The Day Time Ended (a terrible title) is a silly, fast-paced science fantasy thriller about a family lost in a timewarp (an earlier title for the film) created by a vortex (another earlier title). Jim Davis and Dorothy Malone head the mostly unfamiliar cast, all of whom look lost and confused by the bizarre storyline. When Davis suddenly offered an explanation for the inexplicable goings-on, the audience howled with laughter.

There is no story coherence; strange monsters, spaceships and alien landscapes appear outside the family's house with no logic or reasonable progression. Like *The Legacy*, once the film has been established as being fantastic, the makers felt they could get away with anything. Well, they can't. Similarities to *Close Encounters* don't add up to a plot.

The extensive special effects were mostly executed by the Dave Allen studio. The stop-motion

scenes could have been done much better if the animator (Randy Cook) had looked at real movement instead of old Ray Harryhausen movies. A lot of the animation seems to be done at the wrong movement-to-frame ratio, resulting in action that looks like it was shot underwater.

There is plenty of model effects, cartoon animation and matte paintings (some by Jim Danforth), so the film is always good to look at, and director John "Bud" Cardos keeps things moving. The story was by Steve Neill and Paul Gentry, and the final script included work by Larry Carroll and David Schmoeller (who have no idea how children behave), and the result is incoherence. It's entertaining, but good is it dumb.

All That Fosse

All That Jazz is an elaborate musical fantasy drama co-written and directed by Bob Fosse. It's also based closely on an episode in his own life, a period in which he so overworked himself rehearsing a Broadway play (*Chicago*) and cutting his movie *Lenny* that he had a heart attack, resulting in necessary open-heart surgery. (A real operation is briefly shown in the film.)



Jessica Lange stars as Angelique, the mysterious Death figure of Joe Gideon's fantasies in *All That Jazz*.



Persis Khambatta leads (left to right) Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, William Shatner and DeForest Kelley to a rendezvous with V'Ger itself in Paramount's *Star Trek - The Motion Picture*.

Fosse is a man of great talent and drive—*Cabaret* was his—but he isn't Federico Fellini. The Italian director's film *Sty* may have served as a model for Fosse, since both are intensely autobiographical, fantasy-laden and about a director. Fellini's film was generalized—you could see yourself in the director in that film, but the central figure in *All That Jazz* (played superbly by Roy Scheider) remains only Bob Fosse, once removed. As a result, the film is distant and eventually uninviting.

Throughout, Joe Gideon (Scheider) imagines conversations with a beautiful blonde fantasy figure (Jessica Lange), whom we eventually learn is Death herself. The climax of the picture is an elaborate dance number, which unfortunately is the least impressive number in the film. The best is performed by the wondrous Anne Reinking and young Erzsébet Földi, playing Fosse's mistress and daughter, respectively. The most sizzling and dynamic number is "Take Off With Us," which features Fosse's dazzling choreography at its mock-sophisticated best.

All That Jazz is very much worth seeing, and one of the major films of the year, but it's short of its mark.

The Enterprise Flies Again

Warts, glory and all, *Star Trek the Motion Picture* has finally been released, and anyone who was expecting it to be anything other than what it is, is bound to be surprised and probably disappointed. It's

precisely as advertised: a great big *Star Trek* episode.

It's done on a mammoth scale—the final cost is somewhere between \$40 and \$55 million, making it the most expensive movie ever made in the U.S. But the storyline by Alan Dean Foster is inadequate to carry a two-hour plus film; it's short on action, suspense and plot.

The special effects are, at their best, the finest I've ever seen, in design and execution. The enormous effects crew was under the direction of Douglas Trumbull (*Close Encounters*) and John Dykstra (*Star Wars*), and were produced by Richard Yurich. This crew, which took over from an earlier effects crew headed by Robert Abel, who bombed out, has created new standards by which all future space films must be judged. There are several sequences so awe-inspiring, so incredibly difficult and complex in execution, that they are almost numbing. And these sequences are so long that they are sure to bore some viewers.

Admiral Kirk's first exterior inspection of the refurbished *U.S.S. Enterprise*, hanging in dry-dock above Earth, is a tour-de-force. The ship's later encounter with a "wormhole" (???) precipitates another dazzling sequence. At the end, the *Enterprise* glides around, behind and into "V'Ger," a 75-kilometer long destructive craft heading for Earth, and the display of this monster, all in light and darkness, is perhaps the film's most triumphant, astonishing and, for some, boring sequence.

I've rarely seen William Shat-

ner, as Kirk, this fine. Trekkies have tended to claim that it was Leonard Nimoy as Spock who was the heart of *Star Trek*, but I've felt that it was Kirk who was the series' true soul. Kirk is intensely romantic, intelligent, and a strong leader. He also tends to be sheepish. His sense of humor and personal ridiculousness save him from pomposity. The last two lines of the film characterize him and the show perfectly.

While some people dislike Shatner's theatrical flamboyance, I've always enjoyed it because, for one thing, I tend to like good-natured showoffs of all varieties. At his worst, Shatner reduces himself to a bundle of showy affectations, but at his best he rises to heights a more cautious, laid-back actor can never hope to reach. And his tremendous joy at simply being an actor is infectious. With only one brief faltering near the end, Shatner gives almost a perfect performance.

Leonard Nimoy is a good but studied actor. He never seems to quite get into his roles, never relaxing, always holding something back (Shatner certainly doesn't have that problem). Perhaps that's why Nimoy is at his best as the repressed Spock. Being half-human (biologically absurd), Spock has a greater wellspring of emotions than other Vulcans, and the tension of his role comes from his willing and conscious repression of them.

The actor Nimoy always lets us know that, nonetheless, Spock feels emotions. The plot of the movie even hinges on this. He merges his mind with V'Ger, and for the first time in his life knows the emptiness of an existence that is truly based only on logic. This is potentially the best material in the film, not only for fans of the series, but thematically as well, though it isn't emphasized strongly enough.

Persis Khambatta as the strangely-fated Ilia, a new member of the *Enterprise* crew, has been undercut by advance publicity playing on the fact that in the film she's totally bald. The character she plays has two manifestations, and with a minimum of obvious acting tricks, she embodies both of them subtly and expertly. Khambatta expresses shadings of emotions through her large, liquid eyes and sensuous lips. Her movements are graceful and fluid.

A crippling choice was made in the selection of Stephen Collins as Decker, the new captain of the *Enterprise*, who is supplanted by Kirk in the face of the V'Ger menace, and resents it. Decker was also once in love with Ilia, an important sub-



At the climax of *Star Trek - The Motion Picture*, Persis Khambatta and Stephen Collins find themselves merging into one being.

plot. But Collins is a bad actor. He has only two expressions, less and more intense, and his face is ingenuous and bland. It's his unconvincing delivery of scripter Harold Livingston's mediocre lines that almost fatally damages the climax, in which V'Ger's robot duplicate of Ilia and Decker merge into some strange new amalgam of human and machine.

The story seems derived from two episodes of the TV series, "The Doomsday Machine" and "The Changeling." The basic idea of an Earth probe altering into a vastly advanced intelligence and becoming destructive is the plot of the latter episode. In the movie, it has been altered to add a quest for godhood. V'Ger is a Voyager probe which fell into a black hole, was remodeled by the inhabitants of a remote robot planet, and is returning to Earth to seek its maker. (The naming of the menace is utterly ludicrous. It calls itself V'Ger because the nameplate has cosmic mud on it. I suppose the inhabitants of the robot planet read English? Or V'Ger looked inside itself and read the plate? How?)

Robert Wise directed. He seems to have been trapped by the attenuated story and the restrictions of the established characters and format. Still, he could have generated more tension and excitement. He's done so in the past, in films like *The Day the Earth Stood Still* and *The Haunting*; even *The Sound of Music* was more dynamic. In *Star Trek the Motion Picture* no one seems really worried about the impending destruction of Earth, there's very little physical action, and after the climax things return to normal far too rapidly. There's no lingering sense of wonder.

Because Paramount wanted to

cling to the possibility of a sequel (or perhaps a revived TV series), the film was compromised going in, in that everyone important had to remain unscathed by the adventure. When *Star Wars* became a hit, Paramount decided to make a fairly low-budget movie of *Star Trek*, and assigned Philip Kaufman to direct. Producer Gene Roddenberry had had many storylines, scripts and outlines prepared for this possible feature, including contributions by Harlan Ellison and Robert Silverberg. This was scuttled (but explains why Nimoy was in Kaufman's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*) in favor of starting up the TV series again, for non-network telecasting. Apparently several scripts were prepared, including one by Alan Dean Foster. When Paramount then decided to do *Star Trek* as a big-budget film, I'm told that only Foster's short script was ready with beginning, middle and end, and met with the company's approval.

Star Trek the Motion Picture is neither as good as it should have been, nor anywhere near as bad as its detractors claim. It's a decent, honorable film; Roddenberry's pseudointellectualism is at least sincere and honest. It's slow, ponderous and unexciting, but it is *Star Trek*.

Into the Wild Black Yonder

All things considered, *The Black Hole* is surprisingly entertaining. I don't know of a major SF film project which sounded less likely to pay off than this Walt Disney Productions film. Advance

word on the script was anything but good. Bizarre rumors emerged from the studio. There was to be a little boy and a puppy on the spaceship threatened by a large black hole. One reported line of dialog sounded anything but promising: "A black hole--the first sign of approaching civilization!" (Black holes, of course, are not holes at all, but super-compressed dead stars which have extremely intense gravity, swallowing all matter and even light, which is why they are black. They may even alter time and space drastically. They are not generated by civilizations.) When the cast finally did fall into the black hole, they were to turn into paintings on the Sistine Chapel ceiling. And as a matter of fact, what *does* happen could easily have had that scene, but since the strange, *Fantasia*-like sequence takes place entirely in the imagination of Yvette Mimieux (a fact not made clear enough), anything could have been shown.

Much of the film doesn't play well. A lot of the dialog (script by Job Rosebrook and Gerry Day) is stilted and artificial, especially that given to Anthony Perkins. And a lot of the rest is annoyingly folksy, like that Kirk Douglas had in Disney's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (and no wonder). The film slows down in the middle and becomes talky. Some of the special effects are unacceptable--wires are often visible. It is bizarrely illogical at times--antigravity is both common and brand new--and wildly unscientific at the climax.

However, despite its faults,



A pair of sentry robots are caught in a laser battle in the Walt Disney production of *The Black Hole*.



Anthony Perkins faces the forboding hologram of a black hole in Walt Disney Productions' *The Black Hole*.

The Black Hole captures that most elusive element that the other *Star Wars* followers have missed: it's fun. Except for the slow middle, the film moves at an exciting pace with lots of ray bursts, mysterious robots, chases down corridors and the like. The climax takes place aboard a mile-long spaceship as it's falling into a monstrous black hole. Transparent meteors strike the ship in clusters, robots blast at our heroes, the villain is trapped in his lair, the ship tears into pieces, and everything turns red. It's nothing if not colorful and almost breathtaking. As Robert Armstrong exclaimed on another occasion, "Holy mackerel, what a show!"

Peter and Harrison Ellenshaw (father and son) were largely responsible for what you see. Peter was in charge of the miniature work, and what he did was superb. The *Cygnus*, a giant, apparently derelict spaceship, is at once beautiful and eerie, and for the first time since 2001, someone has found a different look for a spacecraft. The younger Ellenshaw's matte paintings are well executed, but he's sabotaged by Eustace Lycett's muddy composite optical photography. The film's plentiful robots were created by George F. McGinnis, and the animation effects were by Joe Hale and Dorsey A. Lanpher.

The film's story seems a combination of *Forbidden Planet* and *Twenty Thousand Leagues*. A small exploratory craft, the *Palomino*, discovers the huge ship *Cygnus* in place near a large black hole, suspended by artificial gravity. Apparently the only person aboard the

ship is Hans Reinhardt (Maximilian Schell), an enigmatic figure similar to Morbius in *Forbidden Planet* and Captain Nemo in *Leagues*. However, unlike them, Reinhardt is truly evil, not merely misguided.

The crew of the *Palomino* consists of Anthony Perkins, a scientist entranced by Reinhardt's mad scheme of plunging his ship into the black hole (a probe has emerged unscathed); Robert Forster and Joseph Bottoms as the ship's crew; and Ernest Borgnine, a reporter who undergoes an abrupt character change near the end; scientist Yvette Mimieux; and V.I.N.Cent, a tubby, too-cartoony but brave robot with a vivid personality and Roddy McDowall's voice. A battered version of Vincent, Old Bob, turns up later, and seems to have Slim Pickens' voice. This one is too cute to work.

Director Gary Nelson functions only as a traffic cop, seeing to it that things keep moving. The performances of the actors are in such widely different modes that it seems Nelson didn't even try to unify them.

With this film, Disney was attempting to strike out in an adult direction, but the silly script and the childish design of some of the robots hampers this. It still looks like a Disney picture; this is not necessarily a bad thing, but it's not good for *The Black Hole*.

I was expecting the film to be a turkey, but instead I saw an entertaining pseudoscientific adventure. It's not great; it may not even be good. But it is fun.

Bill Warren was born on the Oregon coast longer ago than he likes to remember. Growing up in a town of 500, he developed early on a lifelong interest in fantasy, SF and horror in all forms -- books, comics, films, TV, etc. "I've always been interested in everything that's a little exotic," he says, "like dinosaurs, unusual animals, space travel and so forth."

Educated at the University of Oregon and holding a MS in Library Science from UCLA ("though I lasted only one year as an actual librarian"), he and his wife Beverly live in Los Angeles.

He has written for a number of professional and semi-professional film journals, has worked on Forrest J. Ackerman's "Famous Monsters of Filmland," and was Walt Lee's principal assistant on his "Reference Guide to Fantastic Films." He is occasionally consulted by studios on SF and horror films and has been a frequent guest on KPFK's "Hour 25" radio show ("which is the most entertaining work I've ever had").

In addition to branching out into fiction, he is currently a freelance film researcher and reviewer. At this writing, he is midway through a four-year research project on behalf of the Hollywood Film Archive.

And he loves to receive letters from readers at: 2150 W. Beachwood Dr., #4, Hollywood, CA 90068.



-- Bill Warren

INTERVIEW

Ramsey Campbell

by Darrell Schweitzer

Schweitzer: You seem to have disowned the Cthulhu Mythos lately. You signed a copy of *Demons By Daylight* for me as "my first good book." Why is this?

Campbell: I think it's because I regard *The Inhabitant of the Lake* as a kind of youthful indiscretion, something I had to do, but which is now over. We have to go right back to the beginning, I suppose, and say how I wrote *The Inhabitant of the Lake*. It was partly because I had read all of *Cry Horror!* in one day, and that was the first big jolt of Lovecraft I'd ever had, and having written a great many stories before which were unpublishable, I realised that here was something I could do which might actually satisfy me, that would let me say to myself, "My God! This reads exactly like Lovecraft because it says things like 'eldritch' and 'amorphous' and 'nameless' and 'shoggoths' and stuff like this." So I wrote those stories and sent them to August Derleth. They were all set in Arkham country originally, so you had amazingly unconvincing American rustics mumbling in sort of curious half-English accents. I rewrote that, and I was stuck in that groove for a while of imitating Lovecraft, which indeed I did, and when I began to develop my own style in a few stories you won't see very often -- except one called "Before the Storm" which I think Paul Berglund is going to use -- I was still leaning very heavily on this Lovecraftian crutch.

What happened is that I was reacting against this sort of thing, not what Lovecraft had done, but quite the contrary, what I had done to Lovecraft. Which is to say the Cthulhu Mythos was intended to imply a lot more than it actually states, and that was the whole idea of it. Lovecraft didn't conceive of it as an entity upon, only as a series of glimpses of something much larger. Here I'd come along and -- with all due respect to him because he's a friend of mine -- so had Brian Lumley and some of the others, and we said, "Here are all these loose ends and we're going to tie it up into a nice neat package so you can see exactly who is who's half-

brother and who is who's minions and all that." And it seemed to me that that is *ruining* exactly what Lovecraft was trying to do. So I went rushing off in the other direction. I wrote some of the stories in *Demons By Daylight* in a body. I had a period in which I wrote just a few stories which were not very good and they were sort of *hesitating* really, and one or two got published, like "The Stone on the Island," which you can still see as transitional. And all of the sudden I had this burst of the *Demons By Daylight* stuff. It was all very enigmatic. It is in fact a violent reaction against what I was doing. Instead of explaining everything, I wasn't explaining anything at all. You've got stuff like "The End of Summer's Day" which is *totally* enigmatic. I mean I can't explain it to you any more than anyone else can explain it to me. I quite like those stories, though. I do think that they do work in a very curious way in a sense of meaning themselves and not being accessible to explanation. Of course, I had to get beyond that, too, and write stories that were more coherent.

Schweitzer: Did you realize from the start that you would have to get beyond rewriting Lovecraft, or did this come as a realization later on?

Campbell: Oh, much later on. There were a few odd things, like the first draft of "The Interloper" by my good friend Errol Undercliffe, which was a lot more heavily Lovecraftian. I began very tentatively, as if saying, "Well, *maybe* I don't have to refer to Cthulhu in this story if it's not about the Lovecraft deities. Maybe I can leave that out. Maybe I actually don't have to preface the story with a quotation from the *Neonomicon*." So it was a very gradual process of moving away, and once I found where I was going I think I began to develop intuitively, if I can say that with any kind of coherence.

Schweitzer: Do you think you could go back now and do a Mythos story in a totally different way, rather than imitate?



(Photo by H. Stanley Nuttall, courtesy of Ramsey Campbell.)

Campbell: Well, I had a go at it recently. I did a story called "The Voice of the Beach." I'll tell you what I was trying to do there. I got very worried when, in England, I asked an audience how many of them had read Lovecraft, and all the hands went up. Okay, how many had read Blackwood. And three-quarters of the hands stayed down. There seems to be this extraordinary lack of knowledge of the tradition in which Lovecraft was working. So I decided I wanted to go back to the roots of the Cthulhu Mythos, which I take to be Lovecraft attempting to equal Blackwood's "The Willows," and certain stories by Machen, purely because this is what Lovecraft admired most of all in the genre. He was trying to get back to that and the interesting thing is that he doesn't quite achieve it in any of his stories, but he achieves something quite different that he's not quite aiming at. He goes off in a different direction. But I wanted to try and get back to this attempt to write stories which didn't so



Author Ramsey Campbell, and in the background, "the kind of Liverpool slum setting I so often write about."
(Photo by H. Stanley Nuttall, courtesy of Ramsey Campbell.)

much explain things directly as put together a series of glimpses of something very large and very awesome and ominous, without leaning very heavily on the Lovecraftian thing. Actually, the only thing I really did with that story was I put in some fairly typical Lovecraftian language, this thing about a chanting which is heard in various and increasingly bizarre ways. But *really* it was an attempt to do for a beach scene -- a sort of Salvador Dali beach if you like -- what Blackwood does for willows on the Danube and Lovecraft does for the hills of New England. I don't know how successful it is. Lin Carter is looking at it at the moment. Maybe I'll have a chance to find out people's opinions pretty soon.

Schweitzer: Do you think the Cthulhu Mythos as it exists now is worked out? For instance, it strikes me that Bob Bloch's *Strange Eons* is a book-length mercy killing.

Campbell: (Laughs) Yes, I think you could say that. But it's a very affectionate one. I mean, it's putting the poor old sop out of its misery, really. Yes, I think the whole thing has become awfully overpopulated, not to say overwritten and undercharacterized. Mind you, I think my Arkham anthology shows

there are still worthwhile ways of developing the Mythos, especially by being true to yourself rather than imitating Lovecraft. But, in general, it's just become an absurd sort of proliferation. I can't think of a good example... I'll tell you what it reminds me of. It's like a modern city that started as a nice little settlement and now seems to grow up with concrete estates without anybody doing anything about them.

Schweitzer: What do you see as a more fruitful direction to be explored?

Campbell: Well, where I'll put my money as a writer -- Peter Timlett had a word for it; he called it the "humanist tale of terror," which is a good vague term which I need to explain. What he had in mind was the tale of the supernatural which is very closely related to the psychology of the protagonist, whoever it might be. The important thing as far as I'm concerned is that I tend to write more stories where the supernatural element does relate very directly to something in the victim's psychology. More often than not, it's a childhood fear or a childhood trauma that was apparently dealt with, but was really repressed and pops up in a much worse form.

But the important thing, I think, is that in those stories you can't just explain it away. You can't use the psychology to explain the supernatural and say, "That is what it's all about." Equally, the supernatural in these stories has got to have a distinct power of its own. It can't just be a symbol of whatever is within the victim. I find this an interesting avenue to explore. Mind you, this is strictly personal, or at least it's particularly personal for me. When I was writing in the Lovecraft vein, I was really writing somebody else's fiction. I was doing a gloss on Lovecraft. But the more I write now the closer I get to writing about my own fears. My recent stuff has mostly been a kind of journey into things in my early life which I preferred to forget about or not look at too closely. For example, I was until my early teens terrified of the dark the way the character in the story "The Companion" is. It's only very recently that I remembered I had been like that until I was about fourteen or fifteen. So these stories are almost a process of self-discovery. I hope they're more than that, though.

Schweitzer: Is it always necessary for the protagonist of such a story to be the victim?

Campbell: No, I don't think necessarily, and you're going to ask me to prove that, aren't you? You're going to ask me to think of a good example. I don't know. Maybe it is to me. I seem to write about victims, but not passive victims. I think that's the important distinction. There is the horror story in which the protagonist will just sit there at the mercy of the plot, at the mercy of the supernatural. I don't particularly want to write that, except very occasionally. I suppose the stories are not so much about the struggle between good and evil any more -- or not mine anyway -- but more about the struggle with something that's within the character as much as not. So we're not talking about victims any more. We're talking about the characters coming to terms with themselves. I did have a run of stories where this pessimism became an almost automatic thing, so you *know* at the end of the story the worst is inevitably going to happen. I got rather tired of this. I also thought it was a bit too easy. I wasn't attempting to explore the story properly. So I did have a few stories over the past several years in which the character fights his or her way out, but only at the cost of extreme psychic pain.

Schweitzer: Do you ever have the problem of your characters coming to accept what is going on as supernatural too quickly for it to be plausible? We as readers, because the story is in *Frights* or *Whispers*, or some such place, *know* that it's a supernatural story and therefore the supernatural explanation of the strange happenings is the correct one. But in the real world, a sane person has to eliminate every other possibility first. If he goes through the whole process in the story, because we know what's really going on, the story seems overlong and belaboring the obvious. What do you do about that?

Campbell: I think it's more a case of stylistic indirection of having the character say, "This has got to be so-and-so," at the same time the reader knows it is nothing of the kind. It's not that difficult to do. M. R. James used to have a wonderful line in this sort of thing. As you know, all his stories were about three thousand words long, and yet he used to pack in exactly this sort of thing that you're talking about. He would do it in an extremely terse way. You would just have somebody look out of the window and see something like a seagull's wing, a white wing. And the character saying, "Oh, that's just a

seagull's wing," but the reader knows damned well it's nothing of the kind. I think you can play that game with the reader. We are slightly ahead of the character, and I hope that in the best stories the development is also slightly ahead of the reader.

Schweitzer: Lovecraft's "At the Mountains of Madness" strikes me as an appalling botch in this area. After they've dissected these things which have remained preserved for millions of years and then the specimens disappear, and there are footprints everywhere, still the characters refuse to believe that there might be one of them alive.

Campbell: That's right. You mustn't let your characters do that kind of thing. Lovecraft said himself he wasn't interested in character. I think the single most important thing in this kind of fiction is believable motivation. The one thing I can stand is the character who walks into the room from which we have been hearing noises, for no better reason than that the plot requires him to go on the other side of the door. If there isn't a better way of getting him in there than that, then forget it. The other rather peculiar thing is that I tended to feel for a long time that you had to take it as Lovecraft generally did, step by step, and really keep to the very last moment the revelation that it is the supernatural after all. As you say...belab-- the point through every single possibility that it is not. Today many of us would tend to say, "Oh yes, it is the supernatural" at a fairly early stage in the proceedings, largely because the occult seems to be rather fashionably acceptable now. It's something you can believe in without coming very much to terms with it. So in many stories you do get people accepting very early on that there can be a haunted house. I had a problem recently, which is a slightly different problem, with a novel called *To Wake the Dead*, which is, among other things, fundamentally about a lady who finds herself developing inadvertent astral projection. Fairly early on in that, I thought I had to say to the reader that this is not a dream; it's real. You have to do it slightly before the character believes it. When the reader is in there all right, the character is still going to the psychiatrist and hoping for the best.

Schweitzer: What's wrong with so many Cthulhu Mythos stories is that they spend the entire story reaching

this point. The archetypal last line is, *The monsters were real!* It seems to me that the thing to do is play the *Dracula* game by establishing early that it's real, but you don't establish all that it can do. If you wrote *Dracula* in a classic Mythos manner, it would build up to, "My God! He was a vampire!" and that would be the end of it.

Campbell: That's right. It's a short story method to a large extent. You can't make that work with a novel particularly, and this is where I think Lovecraft did fall down with "At the Mountains of Madness." On the other hand, you look at *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*, which I think is one of the great structures in horror fiction. That's one worth studying.

Schweitzer: That was one of the few cases where he actually seemed to understand novel structure. But then he went back to writing overlong short stories later and he never submitted that one anywhere. Do you think the supernatural form is more suited for short stories or novels?

Campbell: Well, I used to feel -- largely because I wrote them for thirteen years without doing anything else -- that that must be the best way. But I think there's a difference with the novel, really. It's a question of finding sufficient psychological plot so you don't have to throw in all your supernatural material early on. You sometimes start off with some sort of revelation, too. There was for a long, long time the myth that the supernatural horror novel was an extremely difficult thing to write, or at least to do with any kind of success. When you get to thinking about it, you realize that there are people as different as Walter de la Mare and recently Stephen King, Peter Straub, and others who have done it. Then it becomes apparent that what was really wrong, probably, was this assumption by so many people that it wasn't worth trying in the first place. I'm inclined to feel now that the novel is a very strong structure if you can get it right, particularly because you have enormous opportunity for a long, slow, inexorable buildup.

Schweitzer: I think the reason people would believe this is because they would look at Machen and James and Blackwood and see that it was all short stories. You can't maintain a straight atmosphere of terror all the way through a four hundred

page book. It has to be orchestrated and given its ups and downs.

Campbell: With enormous care, yes indeed.

Schwetzer: How much can you mix completely different tones without wrecking the result, like mixing humor and horror?

Campbell: There used to be a trend in horror movies, particularly the Hammer kind, where you wrote in a little scene with a comic porter who fell down or came in and saw the monster and fell over backwards in a comic fit. I don't think that sort of thing really works, but I do think that there are very strong elements of comedy in much horror fiction anyway, a strong element of black humor. I'm inclined to feel that we ought to be alive to writing this, in the sense of not blocking it out. There is a tendency to go through enormous contortions to avoid any possible absurdity. I think it's really a question of quite the opposite, of risking absurdity in the horror story. Now I remember... Ah! I can probably visit you on this and you've forgotten all about it. You reviewed "The Chimney" and you didn't know how much of it was meant to be funny. I don't think that matters. I think that, in a sense, if you found it a funny story, that's fine. I don't think that matters at all. Where horror and humor meet tends to be in the grotesque, and that's such a thin dividing line that I think it's impossible for any writer to control which side of that the reader is going to come down on.

Schwetzer: Particularly in your story "Heading Home." This struck me as an amazingly audacious piece, as if you were gleefully dancing on the grave of all the rules for this sort of story, particularly in the viewpoint shift, which is what some editors call a "tomato surprise." That is, lying about the basic facts until the end. But somehow this one worked.

Campbell: Yeah, I thought that was fun. I was really playing around with the old EC horror comics. I was revisiting my mispent...well, it wasn't my mispent youth because I only got to read the EC's very recently. They were banned in Britain before I ever got around to them. Well, as I say...this whole thing about horror and humor: It just seems to me that there are so many similarities between the two forms. Both tend to deal in palatable and acceptable terms -- in the

sense of setting up within some kind of fiction -- taboos and things people don't want to think about too clearly, like death, or the very things that humor does deal with. Also, the single most important thing in both horror and humor is timing. If you haven't got it, then I think you're never really going to write a good horror story. It probably can be learned. You study the masters. I suppose I tended to learn it from Robert Bloch, particularly the timing of certain of his effects, and from James -- M. R. James rather than Henry -- perhaps above all, the mastery of just the glancing reference that takes you when you aren't quite expecting it: the leathery bag that slips out of the alcove and puts its arms around you, which is probably my favorite of all images of the kind. Or more recently in Stephen King's *The Shining* -- well, I'm not going to ruin it for anyone who hasn't read it -- but the thing that happens when the little boy goes into the hotel room with the bath, and the way the final effect of that chapter is timed. That is absolutely crucial in this field. At the same time there are writers who just don't have it. It's an awful book anyway, but the single worst example of mistiming I can think of is in *The Amityville Horror*. But then that's a piece of junk anyway. It's hardly worth talking about.

Schwetzer: The difference I see between humor and horror is that both deal with a grotesque situation, but in humor it doesn't hurt. For instance, if you hit somebody on the head with a hammer, it can be a bloody murder scene, or you can get a bonking on wood and it's a Three Stooges routine.

Campbell: Although now, the grotesque in humor is getting more and more prevalent. In *Monty Python* people do get bitten in the throat by carnivorous rabbits and bleed all over the place. Or going back to the Blake Edwards comedies with Peter Sellers. When Herbert Lom put his finger in the cigar-cutter by mistake, you knew he actually was going to chop it off, even if you didn't see it. So humor is getting steadily blacker. This is one of the many reasons for its popularity. The great example has got to be Bob Bloch, where some of the humor is so close to horror that it's practically impossible to tell the difference. If you were to make two piles, one of Bob's horror stories, one of his humor stories, you're going to have a hell of a lot left in the middle.

Schwetzer: Something like "The Closer of the Way."

Campbell: That's right. What is that? It's autobiographical, with humor anyway.

Schwetzer: It's a giant in-joke, but...

Campbell: Yes, but a very bizarre one for all that.

Schwetzer: This is, after all, the guy who has the heart of a little boy on his desk.

Campbell: That's right.

Schwetzer: Still, what could be horror in these cases isn't done realistically. In *Monty Python's* dismembering of the black knight, it looks like they got a little garden hose...

Campbell: Sure enough. But then a lot of horror isn't realistic either. There tends to be grotesque exaggeration, but it comes at it from the other direction, I suppose.

Schwetzer: Do you think you could write a book-length horror comedy?

Campbell: I don't know. I wouldn't mind trying sometime. I used to do comedy scripts for the BBC for a little while, which tended awfully close. In fact, one of the producers was always saying, "Look, this is a bit heavy. It's a bit grim. Can't you lighten this up a bit." Which is probably one reason why the show didn't last very long.

Schwetzer: One example I've seen which really astonished me was John Bellairs' *The Face in the Frost*, which jumps from horror to comedy in a couple of pages and back again and the mood is absolute in each section. It even contains a Lovecraft joke, which brings us back to the Cthulhu Mythos. It's used a lot for humor these days.

Campbell: Well it always was an in-joke to some extent, with Klarkash Ton and the Comte d'Erlotte and so forth. Who is this guy Lumley invented? Thierled Goustau, isn't it? Derleth backwards.

Schwetzer: To change the subject, was your early development influenced by the various other early writers?

Campbell: Oh yes, particularly M. R. James. He was my great idol from a very early age, particularly because he took the comfortable Eng-

lish ghost story and made it nasty in an extreme surrealist way, where things turned up in places where they shouldn't be and really couldn't be. Where you would put your hand under a pillow and put it in a mouth. The finest of the whole lot is "Oh Whistle and I'll Come to You," where he takes the terrible old cliché of the ghost with the sheet over its head -- you know, it's just so dull -- and the trouble with that one is there's nobody inside it when you get up to look at it close. So he had an enormous influence. He has this extreme facility with just the turn of phrase that's frightening, whereas Lovecraft, given all my admiration for him, would tend to take a paragraph to get an effect. James is more likely to get it with three words and tag it on at the end of a sentence. Fritz Leiber in his urban stories is an enormous influence. I love those things, "Smoke Ghost" particularly. I thought I wouldn't mind writing something like that when I read it, and I think that's where I began to do urban horror stories.

Schweitzer: You mention the comfortable English ghost story. It seems to me that when it's comfortable, it's not working.

Campbell: Absolutely. That's what I meant, really. There was a lot of that stuff around. But Le Fanu isn't comfortable. Actually the strangest example, to come back to that humor thing for a moment, of trying to find the dividing line, is L. P. Hartley in things like *The Travelling Grave*. It's a most extraordinary story -- not to give you too much of the plot -- about a country house party where the *pièce de résistance* is a coffin which will swallow anybody who happens to be around, then burrow under the floorboards with them. It is never explained very completely why this thing happens to be around at all. And then the payoff is that one of the party disappears and they find a shoe upside-down on the floor. When they try and tug on it, they find the foot is still in it and they can't get it out of the floor. It's impossible to say which side of that dividing line we're on. We seem to be reeling drunkenly back and forth over it, I think. But no, the comfortable ghost stories I would associate with -- not Cynthia Asquith in her early days; she was very good -- but those *Ghost Books* anthologies later on did tend to get a bit moribund. It was the same old gimmicks, the phantom dog, the person who said "Do you believe in



Ramsey Campbell at the podium to present the British Fantasy Award at the 5th World Fantasy Con in Providence. Seated at right is artist Michael Whelan. (Photo by Joseph E. Smith, courtesy of Ramsey Campbell.)

ghosts?" "No." Then they disappear. All this sort of rather tired stuff.

Schweitzer: Well she only edited the first three of those books.

Campbell: That's right. Yes. It was when she left that they started to go downhill. There was still the occasional Ackman story there to light up the surrounding morass.

Schweitzer: The "Do you believe in ghosts?" gimmick has to be inherently comic. Do you know Dunsany's "In A Dim Room.?"

Campbell: Yes. You're talking about the progenitor there, probably, but for the umpteenth time it gets a little bit tiring.

Schweitzer: Are you satisfied with what's being written in the field today?

Campbell: I'm pretty happy with quite a lot of it. You run down the list with people like Stephen King, Peter Straub, and Fritz Leiber is still doing things. There are some very interesting people on the way up, I think. You see, I just edited a big anthology for Pan Books in England. It's a quarter of a million words and I managed to get in quite a few new people. There's a brilliant guy named Marc Laidlaw, who is, I suppose, nineteen now as we speak. He strikes me as being a much better writer at that age than I was. He also is enormously professional. He'll rewrite till the cows come home if you want him to do it. He seems to me to be extraordinarily good.

Schweitzer: He's published a little bit in this country, too.

Campbell: Ah, good. Fine. Well look out for him, because he's going to be a big one, I think. Then in quite a different tradition is someone like Kathleen Resch who just had one poem in an Andy Offutt anthology. I bought a 25,000 worder from her, which is a vampire story, but done with enormous intensity and freshness which made it irresistible to me. So I'm delighted to see that there does seem to be another generation of writers in this field who are going to be very good. Actually I think that now that horror fiction does get up onto the best-seller list, the good people who used to be sitting around doing other work begin to come out again.

Schweitzer: It looked for a while as if the whole field was going under.

Campbell: I think that was partly because the majority of good things in the field, despite that fact that novels can be done, are short stories and there wasn't really that much of a market. The anthology was death for a while, but now all the sudden you've got Charlie Grant and Stuart Schiff and Kirby McCauley. They have all revitalized the field. But it looked bad there for a while, I agree.

Schweitzer: What if you had come along ten years earlier and there wasn't much of a market? Would you have continued to write like you do?

Campbell: I might have continued to write like I do anyway, because for a long while I wasn't selling a great deal. For quite a while I was putting things aside and saying, "Okay, with enough of these I can do another Arkham House book," which was *Demons By Daylight*. But I didn't take much time to try to sell those stories. There weren't many people around except for Bob Lowndes. There weren't enough to make a living at it. I could just do those stories for my own satisfaction, or my own relative satisfaction. But inevitably, if it had come to the pinch...but then on the other hand, if I hadn't been selling reasonably well I couldn't have thought of going freelance full time. I suppose I would have given up writing except for the occasional story and not gone freelance at all.

Schweitzer: Would you have gone into mystery-suspense? They've tried to market one of your books that way, anyway.

Campbell: (snarls) Don't tell me that. I know that. My God! They took out ads in *Ellery Queen's* for *The Doll Who Ate His Mother* and a year later people at conventions were coming up to me saying, "When is that going to be published?" They hadn't seen any ads. But no, I don't think I could. Something like *The Doll* shades over toward the suspense story, to the extent the scene in the cellar was almost a kind of tribute to Bob Bloch and his cellar scene in *Psycho*. That whole scene of going through the house. The one attempt I have made at writing a psychological thriller with no supernatural elements is *The Face That Must Die*, which will be out in England about as we speak, but which seems to me to be my poorest work. So I don't think I would survive very long in that field.

Schweitzer: Is this because you don't feel inclined to write suspense?

Campbell: Yes. I don't think I get good plots that way. The plots come out of the air and they tend to be nearly all at least fantastic in some form. Supernatural terror usually. If somebody comes along and says, "Look, I'm doing an anthology about so-and-so," I can usually work around and see if I can't come up with a new, say, demonic possession story. I did one for Michael Parry a while ago. More usually, it will be that the plot comes out of the back of my brain one morning and has to be written, because I'm more of a compulsive writer than a writer to order. It's a question of getting all these things down on paper, because I feel very edgy if I don't write for any length of time. If I'm away from work I tend to get rather on edge. So it's a compulsion and not so much a case of my saying, "Okay, next I'm going to write a western," or whatever it might be. It's just that nearly all the stories that are in there waiting to be written are in the genre. The time I tried to do science fiction, for example, it had some really pretty embarrassing results. Luckily only one of those stories got published.

Schweitzer: What are your actual writing methods like?

Campbell: Painful. No, they're not any more. What I do is that every morning when I am writing a story, I go to my desk at about eight o'clock or maybe a little bit earlier. At that stage I am running the first paragraph that I'm going to write through my mind. I'm working out

what that will be, because if I sit down and don't know what the paragraph is going to be, I just sit there and stare out of the window at the back yard and the cats walking along the alley wall. So I have to know what the first paragraph is going to be. I usually go through then to early afternoon, with luck. Occasionally, I go much later and write quite a large chunk, a chapter or something, depending on if it's going very well. The one problem that I have, or I used to have before I got over it, is that I review films for the BBC. I go off to press shows of them in the morning about ten o'clock and that means I just get the two hours in the morning to write. I figured out that as long as I know what the next paragraph is going to be, I can note it down in the notebook, then come back in the afternoon after the film and go on. I do. I do that every day while I am writing a story. That's the first draft. Then I type it and that involves chopping large chunks out. Maybe that's the version that gets published, or maybe that's the version the editor asks to be revised.

Schweitzer: Do you work from outlines?

Campbell: Yes. Very heavily. I have a notebook always with me, and I note down any number of fragments for any given story that I'm writ-

ing. Then I'll mark those with a colored pen the night before I write. I mark up the things in those notes that I hope to use the following day in the scene I hope to complete. With a novel, of course, it's a question of making a whole notebook out of chapter outlines and another notebook which indexes those chapter outlines, and another book which indexes something else. So I'm surrounded by notebooks and lots of colored pens, and the whole thing is usually comprehensible to me, but not to anybody else.

-- Darrell Schweitzer

CORRECTION

Due to an inadvertent and unfortunate oversight by Dr. Jeffrey Elliot and myself, credit was not provided to Karl Edward Wagner for providing source material used by Dr. Elliot in his introductions to his interviews with Hugh B. Cave and Manly Wade Wellman in the February and March issues. In addition, I was unable to note last issue that Mr. Wellman's essay on writing was previously published in *Nightshade* #3 (October 1976), edited and published by Ken Amos.

Dr. Elliot and I apologize for any inconvenience or embarrassment resulting from these omissions.

-- Paul C. Allen

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The British Scene

by Mike Ashley

It's hard to believe that *Barry Bayley* has been writing SF for over a quarter of a century. He sold his first story to the Scottish magazine *Nebula* in 1953 (though it was never published) and has been in and out of the magazines (mostly *New Worlds*), sometimes as P. P. Woods, ever since.

It is probably because his books only began to appear in 1970 that he seems to be a new writer. In fact, even then they only appeared in the U.S., so much so that some British authorities believed he was an American. His first book did not appear in Britain until 1974. Now I'm pleased to see that they are all in print, and selling well.

I say all this because in November 1979 Allison & Busby brought out on the same day three of Barry Bayley's books, in uniform hardcover and softcover editions. *Anti-hilation Factor* (originally Ace, 1972) is a rip-roaring space opera with the Star Kingdom facing annihilation from a roving region of pseudo-energy 'the Patch.' *Empire of the Two Worlds* (also Ace, 1972) is the story of one man's attempts to carve himself an empire on an alien world. *The Seed of Evil* is a new collection (his second, the first being *The Knights of the Limits*, which should see a paperback edition later this year) containing 13 stories, five of which are original: "Sporting With the Child," "The God-Gun," "The Ship That Sailed the Ocean of Space," "The Radius Riders," "Man in Transit," "Wizard Wazo's Revenge," "The Infinite Searchlight," "Integrity," "Perfect Love," "The Countenance," "Life Trap," "Farewell, Dear Brother" and "The Seed of Evil."

Over the last three years Bayley has been working on and off on a number of new novels. These include *The Rod of Light* (a sequel to his 1974 novel, and probably his best known work, *The Soul of the Robot*), *The Great Hydration*, *The Zen Gun* and *One-Shot World* (with its plea that we all need a 'Colt revolving life!'). He has also been working on a study of the Major Arcana of the Tarot, *The Mystic Hologram*, which is nearing completion. "I think I have penetrated further into the real meaning of the Arcana than the other

books I have seen," he commented, and for those into Tarot, that probably says it all.

I recently had the good fortune to read *Ramsey Campbell's To Wake the Dead* in manuscript. It's a truly breathtaking novel of astral projection and is due in this country from Millington Books in hardback in April. What surprised me was that Ramsey revealed that the U.S. publisher, Macmillan, had suggested an alternate ending which will be contained in the U.S. edition, retitled *The Parasite* (so as not to clash with the *John Dickson Carr* 'Gideon Fell' novel, *To Wake the Dead*, which is on the same publisher's lists), and due later this year. There's a good bibliographic puzzle for us all.

Ramsey's next novel (after *The Nameless* which was completed last year but is awaiting a publisher) is provisionally entitled *The Incarnations*. His 1976 anthology, *Superhorror*, currently available only in hardback, will be published by Star Books in paperback later this year under the title, *The Far Reaches of Fear*.

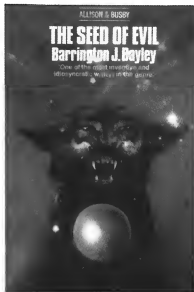
John Newton Chance is better known to SF readers as *John Lynington*, a name that first appeared under *The Night of the Big Heat* in 1959. But under his own name (and

several others), Chance has been writing adventure and thriller stories since the 1930s and some of his more recent work has become increasingly bizarre. His latest novel is *A Place Called Skull* (Hale, £4.50) published in January. As the jacket tells us, a man finds his way into a secret house on a mission to save the world from final devastation, but the nearer he comes to that last secret, the greater his feeling of being lost. He meets people in this house, people he seems to know but cannot place. All he can be sure of is that they are there to stop him going through that final door. It's a thoroughly absorbing book and one that should introduce his real name to the fantasy fan.

Incidentally, for those interested, I'm planning to produce a complete John Newton Chance bibliography before too long, though I'm wondering if I haven't bitten off more than I can chew!

I'm especially pleased to report that *Richard Cowper* is at this moment working on a sequel to *The Road to Corlay*, provisionally entitled *A Tapestry of Time*. A much longer book than *Corlay*, it continues the story of Jane and follows her fortunes onwards. Cowper also hints that there may be more adventures set in his watery future world.

A number of Cowper's earlier books will soon be back in print. Fan Books have the *Twilight of Briareus* (orig. 1974) scheduled for March, and *Profundis* (1979) and *Clome* (1972) for September/October. In the States, Pocket Books will be



Two recent releases from Allison & Busby and Robert Hale are a collection, *The Seed of Evil* by Barrington J. Bayley (artist: John Harris), and a new novel, *A Place Called Skull* by John Newton Chance (artist: Colin Andrews).

issuing *Profundis* and *Time Out of Mind* (1973) as well as a new collection of stories, *Out There Where the Big Ships Go*, in the course of the next eighteen months. In Britain, Gollancz will be issuing a hardcover collection of Cowper's novellas as *The Web of the Magi*, due this spring. Apparently his earlier collection, *The Custodians*, recently had much success in France, and Cowper's books are now appearing in Germany, Italy and Japan.

News from Peter Beresford Ellis (*Peter Tremayne*) is that *The Fires of Lan-Kern* (reported in *FW* #20 as due in November, 1979) has been delayed until February 1980. Apparently the publisher, Bailey Brothers, have used a new computer typesetting method—the first time in this country—with all the attendant teething troubles. The first 3,000 print run has about 40 literal errors in it (so reviewers be warned), but these should be corrected in subsequent editions.

Ellis has four other books scheduled for 1980: *Dracula, My Love* (Bailey Bros.), *When the Dead Awake* (Sphere), *The Destroyers of Lan-Kern* (Bailey Bros.), all as Tremayne, and under his own name, *MacBeth* (F. Muller), a study of the real MacBeth, High King of Scotland, 1040-57.

Eric Ericson's latest book, as

reported last column, is *The Woman Who Slept With Demons* (NEL, 1980). Ericson, now in his fifties, is currently in the process of completing a factual account of witch-ess scheduled for hardcover publication by NEL at the end of 1980. As Ericson put it: "This is not an account of senile grandmothers bullied into confessions, but a detailed look at people of importance—lords, ladies, cabinet ministers, police officials, artists, ex-priests and others known to have been involved. It covers the U.K., U.S.A. and Europe from about 1400-1950." Future plans include a present-day novel on occultism, loosely based on the Order of the Temple of the Orient.

Keith Roberts' latest novel, Molly Zero (reported in *FW* #20), has been sold to Gollancz though publication details are not yet known. Roberts is working on a new novel, with the working title *Gran-ia*. "She was the Sun Goddess of the old Irish," he explains, "but it isn't a fantasy; more a modern sociological sort of book. More than that I don't want to say as I'm always a bit superstitious at this stage." And I don't blame him. He has drafted another story, "Kaeti's Nights," an update of the vampire legend, as well as a new 'Anita' story, his first for over ten years, entitled "The Checkout."

Ian Watson's next novel is entitled *The Gardens of Delight* and will appear in the Gollancz fantasy line this summer. It is set in the famous Hieronymous Bosch painting 'Garden of Earthly Delights' (all three panels: the Gardens, Hell and Eden) which is encountered as an objective alien landscape, the terrain of the planet of a distant star, by a starship team looking for a group of colonists. A U.S. edition will be published by Pocket Books/Simon & Schuster. Ian has two short stories forthcoming in *F & SF* and another in *Destinies*.

Finally, the latest on *SF News*, the planned SF newspaper which I've mentioned in past columns and which has yet to appear. Publisher Robert Allen recently told me (on New Year's Day to be precise) "that *SF News* is definitely on...with a first week in March news deadline in mind." I'll say no more till I see it!

And finally finally, the word is that Douglas Adams' paperback edition of *The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* is number one on the U.K. bestseller's list with 200,000 copies sold in its first month. Eat your heart out Hugo Awards Panel!

-- Mike Ashley

Addendum

News from Savoy Books, courtesy of publisher Dave Britton and *FW* subscriber Pat Sharkey: Savoy's latest release is a softcover first edition of *Michael Moorcock's* early allegorical fantasy written at age 18, *The Golden Barge*. The book is illustrated by James Cawthorn and includes an introduction by M. John Harrison.

The covers to the volume are elegantly printed with an almost metallic finish that reflects light in a dazzling variety of ways. Reproduced at right is the full wrap-around cover to the book, courtesy of Fantasy Media.

Another Moorcock title due out in February in paperback is *The Russian Intelligence*, a sequel to his earlier humorous novel about British agent Jerry Cornell, *The Chinese Agent*.

As noted in Mike Ashley's column last issue, Savoy has begun a new series of *Henry Treece* novels with introductions by Moorcock. In addition to *The Golden Strangers*, *The Great Captains* and *The Dark Is-*

land, noted last issue, other titles planned in the series are *A Fighting Man*, *The Rebels* and *Red Queen*, *White Queen*.

Following is a brief, annotated list of additional Savoy titles planned for release in 1980 and into early 1981. Exact publication details are not known at this writing.

Harry Clark - a large format collection of b&w and color artwork by this art nouveau artist.

The Tides of Lust by Samuel R.

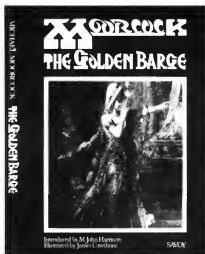
Delany - an erotic fantasy novel.

By Gas Mask and Fire Hydrant by M. John Harrison - a new fantasy novel described as "Pre-raphaelite Sword & Sorcery."

The Eye of the Lens by Langdon Jones - a collection of his stories from *New Worlds*.

The Gas by Charles Platt - an erotic SF novel first published by Essex House in 1970, with a new introduction by Philip Jose Farmer.

(Continued on page 30.)



Book Reviews



The Old Gods Waken by Manly Wade Wellman. Doubleday, New York, December 1979, 186pp. \$7.95

Manly Wade Wellman is, I am told, a courtly Southern gentleman of the old school who bears a startling resemblance to Walter Cronkite. He has been intermittently active in writing fantasy and SF since 1927, and he won an Edgar Award from the Mystery Writers of America in 1955. Wellman has had several series characters, of which perhaps the best known is his John the Minstrel, who has appeared in some dozen stories since 1951 (collected as *Who Feared the Devil?* in 1963 and recently reprinted by Dell). John is a balladeer who carries a guitar strung with silver on his wanderings through the mountains of North Carolina. On those travels John has encountered many strange things, some horrible, some otherworldly, and some of a dark beauty that clings in the memory after the terrors have faded away.

Wellman is America's premier folklore fantasist. John the Minstrel grew out of his knowledge of and love for the North Carolina mountains and the people who live there, and John's character and adventures are drawn from folk tales and the people who tell them. *The Old Gods Waken* is John's first appearance in a novel, and it is well worth reading. It is peopled with characters who speak and move and live in the reader's mind long after he stops reading. John himself is one; though he never describes himself in any detail, the reader will come away with a feeling of *knowing* just such a man. The college-educated Cherokee shaman Reuben Manco, who faces the evil Voth brothers

with John at his side, is an incongruous but equally vital character.

The novel has its flaws, the main one being that it is too short to believably encompass all it contains. The villains, two men who would revive the cult of the Druids and all its evils, are not really developed enough to be much more than figures plugged into their roles, though their singleminded ruthlessness in pursuing their grim ends lends them a vivid air of malevolence. And the love interest, between a folklorist and an educated backwoodsman, seems contrived; she is more three-dimensional than he is, but they both suffer from being in the story playing pretty much pre-determined roles--those of sacrificial victims. And what's more, they are offstage for most of the story.

It is Wellman's handling of the supernatural which makes this book special. His dealing with dark and ancient sorceries is a kind of magic in itself, from the haunting Old Man of the Oak to the ghoulish, shadowy Raven Mockers, reminiscent of Lovecraft's death-watch whippoorwills but far more terrible.

The Old Gods Waken is neither horror story nor occult novel in the current sense. It is rather a fantasy which partakes of both, rooted solidly in good mountain earth but with its branches lost in unknown stars. Highly recommended.

-- Michael Stamm

Darkness Visible by William Golding. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, December 1979, 265 pp. \$10.95

The first novel in twelve years from the master, who gave us the disquieting *Lord of the Flies* (sel-don confused with *Lord of the Rings*) is not only disturbing, it's enchanting. That may be a paradox but the closest capsule reaction I can give after reading this sensitive, mysterious piece of fiction.

Fantasy readers can put this book into the same league with Charles Williams. There is an occult, religious mood pervading most of the narrative and journal excerpts from the main character, Matty, a child of the London Blitz. He emerges from the inferno, his face horribly disfigured. He's an orphan of the storm and grows up suffering again and again from the (on the whole) thoughtless treatment from human beings who cannot see beyond the scar. Matty develops into an extremely religious character, stead-

ily attaining an 'otherness' which experiences visitations from spirits who are evidently training him for a miraculous moment when he will save a child from a senseless death.

The other characters inhabiting this book are interesting counterpoints to the bizarre feel of the Matty character and one in particular, Sophy, one half of a love-starved pair of twins, attains almost an equal status. Golding uses Sophy as another example of a lost child, one who becomes lost through other circumstances rather than the spectacular incident which brings about Matty's emotional scar.

However, Matty's scar elevates him into otherness because he chooses to be elevated whereas Sophy cannot succumb to the call of magic and/or religion and becomes a tool of evil forces.

Golding strives, in this disturbing story (which also treats the subject of pederasty with astonishing skill), to probe the *darkness visible* in all of us. He succeeds in showing us how magical life is, that we all live right on the borderline and some people can cross that borderline by listening to the other voices, the whisperings upon the periphery.

He is careful in treating this 'Charly' like character (*Flowers for Algernon*), leaving the reader to decide if his journey to sainthood is a product of insanity or an honest actuality.

And in this darkly magical book still infused with light--all hail the heir to Charles Williams...

-- Melissa Mia Hall



Mockingbird by Walter Tevis. Doubleday, New York, January 1980, 247 pp. \$10.00

I knew I was doomed the minute
(Continued on page 31.)

paperbacks

SIGNET BOOKS

Signet releases for April include something for just about everyone. Heroic fantasy fans will want to watch for the sixth volume in the *Horseclans* series by *Robert Adams*, entitled *The Patrimony*.

A new terror novel that will see its first U.S. publication is *The Ants* by *Peter Tremayne*, about an anthropologist's daughter who returns to a Brazilian village only to find a pile of human skeletons. What she later finds, as told by the title, is an incredible army of black ants. The novel was previously published by Sphere Books in England.

A Signet original for April is *Sins of Omission* by *Chelsea Quinn Yarbro*, described as "a chilling occult novel of unholy power and exquisite erotic passion." The novel is about a beautiful woman whose former lover is dead and whose two current lovers wind up with a little more than they bargained for.

A related title for April is a revised edition of *The Complete Book of Magic and Witchcraft* by *Kathryn Paulsen*. This is "an up-to-date practitioner's manual of magic, witchcraft and sorcery--with all the ancient and modern recipes, spells and incantations essential to the Black Arts." Lovcraft fans please exercise caution.

Prices on all of the above are \$1.75 except for the Yarbro title, which is \$2.25.

DAW BOOKS

Sabella, or, The Blood Stone is

a new science fiction horror novel by *Tanith Lee* due out from DAW Books in April. Set on the Earth colony of Nova Mars, the novel is billed as a new type of vampire novel about a woman vampire who is not a member of the "undead," but "alive, sensual and dangerous." DAW is comparing the novel to C. L. Moore's *Shambleau*.

Additions to two continuing series this month are *A Victory for Kregen*, #22 in the Dray Prescott series by *Alan Burt Akers* (*Kenneth Bulmer*), and #22 in the Dumarest series by *E. C. Tubb*, *The Terra Data*.

Also scheduled for April is a *Jack Vance* reprint new to the DAW label, *The Many Worlds of Magnus Ridolph*. This is a collection of his Magnus Ridolph stories from the old *Startling Stories* and *Thrilling Wonder Stories* first paperbacked by Ace in 1966. The reissue for this month is *Tactics of Mistake* by *Gordon R. Dickson*.

The Dickson and Prescott titles are \$1.95 while the remainder are priced at \$1.75.

AVON BOOKS

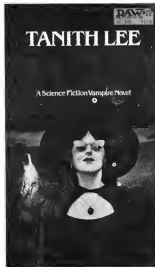
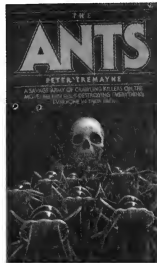
An Avon original scheduled for April release is *Name of A Shadow* by *Ann Maxwell*, a science fiction novel set on the planet Malia--a planet with a landscape resembling the Garden of Eden and inhabitants who thrive on murderous vengeance. The plot centers around an effort to prevent the destruction of Malia by a former colony planet. Slated for reprinting this month is *Jack Williamson's* classic *The Humnoids*. Both will be priced at \$2.25.



A borderline juvenile title is *A Chance Child* by *Jill Paton Walsh*, a novel about a young boy who escapes confinement and starvation at his mother's hands to travel back in time to England during the Industrial Revolution. Price will be \$1.95. An even more borderline nonfiction title is *Gospel of the Stars* by *Peter Lemesurier*, exploring how astrology has influenced mankind down through history. It will be priced at \$1.75. Both titles are first paperback releases.

ACE BOOKS

New anthologies due out from Ace in April include the seventh volume of *Destinies* edited by *James Baen* and *The Best of All Possible Worlds* edited by *Spider Robinson*. *Destinies*, as should be well known by now, is an original magazine/anthology; the spring issue cover features "Bellerophon," a new story by *Kevin Christensen*, and includes



new material by Charles Sheffield, Joan Vinge, Norman Spinrad, James Gunn, Joe Haldeman, Frederik Pohl and Jerry Pournelle. The cover is an interesting hard science/fantasy scene by Vincent Di Fate and the price is \$2.25.

The Robinson anthology, as previewed in *FN #16*, is the first in a new series. Robinson first collects a number of his favorite stories by different authors and then asks the authors to select their favorite stories by still different authors; he then collects the whole into one anthology with new introductions to each story. Included in this first volume are stories by Larry Niven, Theodore Sturgeon, Terry Carr, William Goldman, Robert Shekley, Dean Ing, Anthony Boucher and Robert A. Heinlein. Price is \$1.95.

The Purple Pterodactyls by L. Sprague de Camp, published just a few months ago in hardcover by Phantasia Press, will be out in paperback in April. This is a collection of de Camp's humorous Willy Newbury stories, priced at \$2.25. Also making its first rack-size paperback appearance will be *The Spirit of Dorsai* by Gordon R. Dickson, a collection of Dorsai pieces published by Ace as a trade paperback release last September. Price is \$2.50 and it is essentially a smaller size version of the earlier trade paperback illustrated by Fernando Fernandez.

Paperback reprints from Ace this month include *The Stone God Awakens* by Philip Jose Farmer, priced at \$1.95, and a double volume by Robert Silverberg. The latter contains *Invaders From Earth*, an Ace double from way back in 1958, and *To Worlds Beyond*, published in hardcover by Chilton in 1965. I believe this is the latter novel's first paperback appearance. Price will be \$2.25.

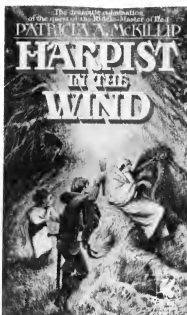
April is also Marion Zimmer Bradley month with the reissue of six of her Darkover novels. Four of them are identical to earlier Ace reprints: *The Winds of Darkover*, *The World Wreckers*, *Star of Danger* and *The Bloody Sun*. The last is priced at \$2.50 and the other three at \$1.95. The remaining two will appear in one volume, priced at \$2.25, *The Planet Savers* and *The Sword of Aldones*, along with a new "Darkover Retrospective." (I'm not sure if it will include "The Waterfall" from Ace's last reprinting of *Planet Savers*.) Ironically, the book cover proclaims: "Together for the first time!" In fact, both novels were first published together as an Ace double original in 1962.

Finally, some additional titles of interest for April: An Ace non-fiction original is *The Truth About Scientology* by Trevor Maldai-Johnsen and Patrick Lusey. A fiction reprint of interest being released as mainstream is an occult, supernatural thriller by Owen Brookes entitled *The Widow of Ratochets*. This is a contemporary "chiller" involving a young American woman, an evil priest, evil dogs and blood sacrifice. Both are priced at \$2.50.

Juvenile releases under the Tempo imprint are reprintings of *The Wizard of Oz* by L. Frank Baum and *The Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame, both priced at \$1.50.

DEL REY/BALLANTINE

Two original science fiction novels due out from Del Rey Books in April are *The Monitor*, the *Miners* and the *Shree* by Lee Killough and *Still Forms* on Foafield by Joan Slonczewski, both priced at \$1.95. *Monitor* takes place on a stone-age planet inhabited by the winged Shree. A monitor team from the Department of Surveys and Charters, while on a routine inspection visit,

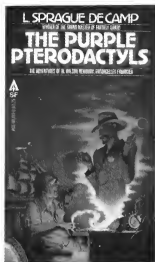


receive the surprise of their lives when they're attacked by intelligent Shrees. *Foafield*, Joan Slonczewski's first novel, is about a non-technological colony planet founded by a group of Quakers. Their peaceful society is disrupted when an Earth ship arrives "offering" to exchange much-needed technology for adoption by the Quakers of Earth's decadent moral values.

Harpist in the Wind, the third volume in Patricia McKillip's fantasy trilogy that began with *The Riddle-Master of Hed*, will see its first paperback edition in April. It was a hardcover release from Atheneum, under the Argo Books imprint, last year. Along with *Harpist*, Del Rey will reissue *Riddle-Master* and *Heir of Sea and Fire*. All three will be priced at \$2.25.

Another reissue is *The Genesis Machine* by James P. Hogan, priced at \$1.75.

Children of the Dark by Charles





Veley, priced at \$2.25 under the Ballantine imprint, is a contemporary horror novel in which the children of a small town suddenly and inexplicably become merciless killers. This will be the book's first paperback publication.

BERKLEY BOOKS

Berkley releases for April lead off with two new anthologies. *The Berkley Showcase*, edited by Berkley editors *Victoria Schochet* and *John Silbersaak*, is an original anthology of new science fiction and fantasy stories by *Karl Hansen*, *Howard Waldrop*, *Elizabeth A. Lynn*, *Janet E. Morris*, *Ronald Anthony Cross*, *John Kessel*, *David Andreessen* and *Oreson Scott Card*. The second new anthology is *New Votess III* edited by *George R. R. Martin*. This is the third volume in the original anthology series begun by *Jove Books* featuring new stories by *Campbell Award* nominees. Included in this latest are stories by *John Varley*, *Brenda Pearce*, *Susy McKee Charnas*, *Alan Brennert*, *Felix C. Gotschalk* and *P. J. Plauger*, with an introduction by *Isaac Asimov*.

A new novel for April is *A Judgment of Dragons* by *Phyllis Eisenstein*, an SF/fantasy about two alien cats who travel through time and space to visit "Solthree" and meet up with a rabbit in a small European village.

Two earlier Berkley hardcovers that will appear in paperback this month are *Watchtower* by *Elizabeth A. Lynn*, the first novel in her *Chronicles of Tornor* trilogy, and *The Jesus Incident* by *Frank Herbert* and *Bill Ransom*. All of the above are priced at \$1.95 except for *The Jesus Incident*, which is \$2.50.

March releases I was unable to cover last issue lead off with the first paperback edition of *Titan* by

John Varley, published in hardcover last year by Berkley. Featured inside the cover is a luscious full color fantasy scene by *R. Courtney*.

Two new novels are *October's Baby* by *Glen Cook*, the second volume in his fantasy trilogy of the *Dread Empire*, and *Michael and the Magic Man* by *Kathleen M. Sidney*, a contemporary fantasy about a man who travels the country in a van with a bunch of 'hippies.' A reprint for March is *The Second Book of Robert E. Howard*, originally paperbacked by *Zebra* in 1976.

DELL FANTASY & SF

Dell releases this month will include two fantasy titles, both previously available only in hardcover editions. *Born to Exile* by *Phyllis Eisenstein*, published by *Arkham House* in 1978, is a novelized version of five heroic fantasy stories about *Alaric the Minstrel* that first appeared in the *Magazine of F&SF*. *Marvin Kaye's The Incredible Umbrella* appeared in hardcover from *Doubleday* last year and is a humorous fantasy novel much in the tradition of *L. Sprague de Camp*. It originally appeared as three novelettes in *Fantastico* and concerns the adventures of *J. Adrian Fillmore* whose magical, "incredible" umbrella transports him to fantasy realms inhabited by *Sherlock Holmes*, *Frankenstein* and *Dracula*. Both are highly recommended if you missed the hardcover editions!

Science fiction releases for April include a reprint of *Earthblood*, a space adventure by *Keith Laumer* and *Rosal George Brown*, and an original space adventure novel, *Ranglor* by *Jeffrey A. Carver*. All I know about the *Carver* title is that it's "a fast-paced and page-turning space adventure on a strange world where the laws of physics and

logic don't seem to work." All four of these books will be priced at \$1.95.

BANTAM BOOKS

April is apparently *Frederik Pohl* month at *Bantam Books* with the planned release of the first paperback edition of *Jem* and a reissue of *Man Plus*, priced at \$2.50 and \$1.95, respectively. *Jem* was a hardcover release from *St. Martin's Press* last year and, at this writing, has yet to complete its serialization in the now defunct *UPD Galaxy* magazine. Both will feature unillustrated covers with raised, embossed lettering.

March releases that I was unable to cover last issue included the first book publication of *The Snail on the Slope*, a satirical SF adventure novel by Russian authors *Boris and Arkady Strugatsky*, and the first paperback edition of *Engine Summer* by *John Crowley*, a *Doubleday* hardcover release a year ago. Both are priced at \$1.95. Another title of interest for March is *Ardistan and Djinnistan*, a mystical adventure classic by *Karl May* in its first U.S. paperback edition, at \$2.95.

Two additional titles of interest being marketed as mainstream releases are *IQ 83* by *Arthur Herzog* (author of *The Swarm* and *Heat*) and *Tabitha ffoulkes* by *John Linssen*. The latter is a contemporary novel about a female vampire.

Titan is priced at \$2.25 and, unfortunately, I don't have prices on the remaining March releases.

POCKET BOOKS

Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's long-awaited *Ariosto* is one of four *Pocket Book* originals scheduled for April. The novel is an historical fantasy set in an Italian Renais-

sance where Italy has colonized the New World. The hero of the novel, Ludovico Ariosto, leads an exciting personal life as well as an imaginary one: writing fantasies about the New World and peopling it with wizards, Indian princesses and magical animals. The \$2.25 paperback features a luxurious wraparound cover painting by Don Matits.

Aliens is a new anthology of classic stories about aliens, edited by Gardner Dozois and Jack Dann. Included are "The Reality Trip" by Robert Silverberg, "The Draco Tavern" by Larry Niven, "Guesting Time" by R. A. Lafferty, and "Rule Golden" by Damon Knight, as well as stories by Frederik Pohl and James Tiptree, Jr. Also featured is an appendix on aliens in SF, cover art by Michael Whelan and interior artwork by Jack Gaughan. Price will be \$2.25.

Scavengers by David Skal is an original SF novel, priced at \$1.95, by a new author. Set in the near future when people can chemically transfer memories, a new form of addiction evolves with "memory heads" who are obsessed with the need to become someone else by repeatedly injecting new memories.

The fourth original noted above is *Star Trek - The Motion Picture: The Photostory*, designed by Richard Anobile. As the title suggests, this is a full color photo story made up of frame blowups from the movie with captions taken from the film's soundtrack. Price will be \$2.95.

Additional releases for April include the first paperback edition of Peter Serrub's horror novel, *Ghost Story* (with 120,000 hardcover copies in print); and reprints of *The Steel Crocodile* by D. G. Compton and *The Mercenary* by Jerryournelle. They will be priced, respectively, at \$2.95, \$2.25 and \$1.95.

FANCETT BOOKS

Fawcett continues its reprint series of Andre Norton novels in April with *Catseye*, under the Fawcett Crest imprint. *Universe 9* edited by Terry Carr will appear in paperback for the first time under the Popular Library imprint. This is the ninth volume in Carr's original anthology series published in hardcover by Doubleday. Price will be \$1.95 on both titles.

PINNACLE BOOKS

Only one title of interest to report on from Pinnacle this month: *Vegas Vampire* by Jory Sherman, the fourth novel in his series about psychic investigator "Chill" Childers. In this one, Chill travels to Las Vegas to track down a vampire

for hire who is slowly wiping out a casino's chorus line. Price will be \$1.75.

PLAYBOY PRESS

Slated for April release from Playboy Press are two new titles: *Star Hawks* by Ron Goulart and Gil Kane, and *The Far Frontier* by William Rotler. Sorry, but I don't have prices on these two.

A March release not included with the information Playboy originally sent me is *Calgatch the Swordsman* by Gordon D. Shirreffs, a heroic fantasy novel about the son

of a barbarian chieftain and a Roman noblewoman who is exiled from his homeland. Seeking vengeance on his uncle, who sold his father out to the Romans, he vows to overthrow him and become chief. Price is \$2.50.

A February release I wasn't able to cover earlier for the same reason is *Mind War*, an original novel about psychic warfare by Gene Snyder. The contemporary thriller will also be an NBC-TV movie. Also priced at \$2.50.



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*John Brunner

the fad press

the Science-Fiction COLLECTOR



8

FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE:

A. E. VAN VOGT
JOHN WYNDHAM

ALSO FEATURED ON:

HARLAN ELLISON
L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP
PHILIP JOSÉ FERRER
LEONARD FISCHER
THORNE SMITH
ROBERT A. W. LINDSEY
ROBERT REGINALD
JACK WANCE

\$2.

SF COLLECTOR

The Science Fiction Collector #8 appeared in early January from J. Grant Thiessen at Pandora's Books Ltd. and features a brief interview with A. E. Van Vogt along with a detailed checklist of his works. Also included in the issue are a checklist of the works of John Wyndham, an interesting article on some scarce little-known titles by some well-known authors (such as a 1959 porno novel by Harlan Ellison), capsule book reviews and a letters column. The magazine is well illustrated with high quality cover reproductions of many old paperbacks.

SF Collector is one magazine I'd recommend without reservation for the serious collector. All seven back issues are currently available and feature some excellent bibliographies and indexes. #8 is a 48-page issue priced at \$2. Subscriptions are \$10 for 6 issues. J. Grant Thiessen, Box 86, Neche, ND 58265, or, Box 1298, Altona, Manitoba, ROG OBO, Canada.

GOTHIC

Just out from Gary William Crawford at Gothic Press is the second issue of *Gothic*, a 36-page, semi-annual magazine that specializes in fiction and scholarly articles on matters pertaining to gothic literature. The two stories fea-

tured this issue are a novelette by Galad Elflandsson, "The Exile," and a short story by John Bovey, "The Fifth Door." In addition to book reviews, the issue includes an article by Synda McMillen Conger at Western Illinois University, "Faith and Doubt in *The Castle of Otranto*."

Single copies of *Gothic* are priced at \$3.25 and subscriptions are \$6 for two issues. Copies of #1, which featured some excellent fiction and articles, are still available. Gothic Press, 4998 Perkins Road, Baton Rouge, LA 70808.

OGRE

A relatively new magazine of fantasy and SF published by two students at Temple University is *Ogre*. Featured in the second issue, which appeared in January, are three short stories: "Dawn Watch" by co-editor Carl Spicer, "The Bite" by Phillip C. Heath, and "Shangri-la West" by Tony Russo. Additional contents include a brief interview with L. Sprague de Camp, an article on fantasy gaming by Bob West, an overview of the Darkover series by Rosemarie Arbur, "BSing and BEing" by co-editor Andrew Andrews, and film reviews by Tony Russo. Artist contributors include Lori Cajewski, Sharon Abbott, Carl Pozzi and Don Kamshil.

The 32-page issue is priced at \$1.50 and may be ordered from: Carl Spicer, 232 Johnson Hall, Temple University, Philadelphia, PA 19122.

SPACE AND TIME

Gordon Lintzner's digest quarterly of semi-professional fiction, *Space and Time*, continues to appear on a strict as clockwork schedule. Issue #55, for April, includes the following stories: "The Cycle Round" by Jeffrey Goddin, "The Telecommander" by G. J. Bessette, "Dead Run" by Brad Cahoon, "Mourms" by Phillip C. Heath, "Subway Suckers" by A. K. Molnar, "Dread Assistance" by D. M. Vosk, "The Measure of Your Foot" by John Taylor, and "How Jaquereil Fell Prey to Ankarrah" by Janet Fox. Artists this issue include Bruce Conklin, R. G. Harrison, James Hjort, Charles T. Smith, Mark Gelotte and Stephen Schwartz, among others.

Space and Time is undoubtedly the oldest of the various semi-professional fiction magazines around and one of

SPACE AND TIME



Artist: Stephen Schwartz

the best. Each issue runs 60 digest size pages and is priced at \$2. Subscriptions are \$6 per year. Gordon Lintzner, 138 West 70th St., Apt. 4-B, New York, NY 10023.

FANTASY

Fantasy, the quarterly magazine of the Fantasy Artists Network, is now in its fourth issue, with news and features by, about and for fantasy artists. Featured in the issue are: an article by David Houston on how he wrote and illustrated *Gods in A Vortex*, a profile of Patrick Woodroffe, a short portfolio of the work of Joan Hanke Woods, a lengthy article on "Exobiology for the Artist" by John P. Alexander, and the usual news columns, including convention and market reports. The cover illustration this issue is by Arlin Tesse-Link and interior artwork is provided by John Alexander, David Houston, Ted Guerin, Dave Archer, John Zack and Jimmy Wurts.

Single copies of *Fantasy* are priced at \$2 and membership in the Fantasy Artists Network (including four issues of *Fantasy*) is \$8 per year. Fantasy Artists Network, Box 5157, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413.

SFWA BULLETIN

Just out from the Science Fiction Writers of America is a special double size issue of the *SFWA Bulletin*. The theme for this issue (#71, Fall 1979) is "Science Fiction Future Histories" and summarizing their thoughts on the subject are essays by Robert A. Heinlein, Poul Anderson, Larry Niven, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Isaac Asimov, Kathleen Sky, Jerry Pournelle, John Varley, Gordon R. Dickson and editor John F. Carr.

Also featured in the issue is an article, "The Immutable Laws of

SF" by Orson Scott Card, a mini report on "A Japanese Micro-SF Con" by Grantia Davis, a progress report on the John W. Campbell letters project, the usual columns (by Camden Benares, Frederik Pohl, Greg Bear and Damon Knight), market reports and a letters column.

This special 104-page, perfect bound issue is priced at \$3. Subscriptions, which are available to non-members, are \$10 per year for 4 quarterly issues. John F. Carr, 10512 Yarmouth Ave., Granada Hills, CA 91344.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

Out from Richard E. Geis just as this goes to press is *Science Fiction Review* #34. The contents this issue include an article-length review of Robert A. Heinlein's new novel (*The Number of the Beast*) by Peter Pinto, an interview with Donald A. Wollheim, an excellent profile of Harlan Ellison by Charles Platt, part two of an interview with Charles Sheffield, Darrell Schweitzer's book review column, Orson Scott Card's reviews of short fiction, and Elton Elliott's news column. Plus, of course, the usual zany cartoons, Geis comments, and scads and scads of reviews.

Published quarterly, *SF Review* generally runs 64 pages and is single copy priced at \$1.75. Subscriptions are \$6 per year. Richard E. Geis, P. O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211.

URANUS

There seems to be a lot of one-word name fanzines floating around here lately... One of the newer ones is *Uranus*, a 24-page anthology of speculative poetry. Included is work by Ray Bradbury, Greg Bear, Peter Dillingham, Mark Rich, Raymond Vizzasso, Errol Miller, Duane Ackerson, Robert Fraister and editor Roger L. Dutcher.

The issue is neatly put together with lots of white space and features a cover illustration by Larry "Lynski" Johnson. The price is \$1 plus 50¢ postage. Roger Dutcher, 1537 Washburn, Beloit, WI 53511.

TOLKIEN BIBLIOGRAPHY

Notes From the Shire Records is the title of a bibliography of books and pamphlets about J. R. R. Tolkien, compiled by David S. Bratman. The 12-page, 8½" by 11" pamphlet catalogs 89 publications

dealing with Tolkien and his works, including biographies, bibliographies, critical works, art volumes, pastiches and other miscellaneous items. It appears to be quite complete and a handy reference item for Tolkien scholars and fans. Price is \$1, postpaid. David S. Bratman, P. O. Box 4651, Berkeley, CA 94704.

WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG

Finally, if you'd like to read about many, many more fan publications than I have space to cover here, check out Brian Earl Brown's *The Whole Fanzine Catalog*. This is a bimonthly mimeographed fanzine that reports on nothing but fanzines. Brian covers all types ofazines, including personalzines, club publications, and a number of foreign publications. In fact, he covers more than any one fan would probably ever want, but it's nice to what's out there. For each, he provides price, ordering information and a capsule review and evaluation. His latest is #13, for December, running 22 pages. The price is a very reasonable 50¢ or 4 issues for \$2. Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Road, #207, Detroit, MI 48219.

The Chicago Fantasy Newsletter



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In February, the most visually attractive and provocative issue of *The Chicago Fantasy Newsletter* will be published! Highlighting: **ARIEL BOOKS**

- * This issue will contain:
- * a short illustrated history of Ariel Books
- * an illustrated preview of their latest project: *Elfspire*
- * *The View from Antan*: writer-editor Gerald W. Page's column on fantasy
- * *Peripheral Visions*: Kay Anderson's, from *Locus* and *SF Chronicle*, column about fantasy films
- * the only market report dealing exclusively with fantasy
- * major and small press publishing news



THE CHICAGO FANTASY NEWSLETTER; P.O. Box 41714; Chicago, IL; 60641
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- Please send _____ copies of your special February issue at the price of \$1.00 each.
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Classified Advertising

(Work In Progress
continued from page 10.)

Your advertisement here is read by more than 7,500 people (three per copy). Rates are 50¢ per column line, 34 characters to a line, including punctuation, spaces, etc. Four line minimum. All CAPS and italics at no extra charge.

Wanted: J. Vance's *The Dying Earth* published in hardback by Underwood and Miller in 1976, also Howard's *Red Shadows* 3rd edition published by Donald Grant, 1978, and issues 1 and 2 of *Lone Star Fictioneer*. P. Sharkey, 9 Albion Road, Fallowfield, Manchester, England.

MYRDDIN FIVE features fiction, art and poetry by Ramsey Campbell, Allen Koszowski, JP Brennan, HW Munn and others. \$2/copy; subscriptions are 4/\$6.50, from L. Hill, 6633 N. Ponchartrain, Chicago, IL 60646.

("On Fantasy" by Fritz Leiber
continued from page 4.)

and concern of the past fifty years. It's an alluring area of awareness, this one, and one where first experiences are apt to be crucial. I remember that the first time I got really drunk, I finally broke through a series of five doorways above me, beginning with the large light fixture set in the ceiling above my body as it sprawled on its back on my bed, finally emerging fleetingly into a world with a rosy copper sky and in which all metals were tender. And when much later I first inhaled cocaine (there have been a few repetitions of this) I took up one of a set of colored pens and began drawing pictures on the gleaming white surface on which my elbows rested. Some kindly or provident (or merely tidy) soul interspersed a large white pad of drawing paper between my pens and the enamel-topped kitchen table at which I was sitting, and working steadily I eventually produced six pictures. The first of these still seems a little better drawn than anything of which I'm normally capable, while the last displays a grossness equally beyond my normal capacities.

I have a simplistic-profound notion that just as science consists of events (observations, experiments) that can be repeated, so magic is the realm of events which cannot be repeated, such as to totality of occurrences making up an individual human life.

And certainly a knowledge that each and every person is a unique individual, a true microcosm, rather than some duplicable end product of a mass production process, some anonymous and faceless member of a class, is one of the changes fifty years has wrought on this observer. He's not surprised that each focusing of the macrocosm is a different

jewel of awareness, like no other.

Fifty years ago there was a question I asked over and over: How do the things I see within my mind fit into the space of the world, the space of my body, my nervous system? How do these join? Mostly I was answered with incomprehension. Or the feeling it was a meaningless question that couldn't--or shouldn't--be asked. Once a grudging and difficult, "It's just a matter of viewpoint." But now almost everyone smiles his or her comprehension and talks of "inner space" until even I'm bored. I think that last expression began to come in around 1960.

-- Fritz Leiber

Next issue: "On Fantasy" will be written by Karl Edward Wagner.



("The British Scene" by Mike Ashley
continued from page 22.)

New Wave Sword and Sorcery edited by David Britton -- an anthology of "New Wave" fantasy (new and reprint) by such writers as M. John Harrison, Barrington Bayley, Michael Moorcock, Harlan Ellison, Michael Buttersworth, Charles Partington and Heathcote Williams, with art by Patteen Wilson, Mal Dean, James Cashmore and John Mothershead. Included will be Harrison's novelette sequel to *The Pastel City*.

The Savvy Reader edited by Michael Buttersworth -- a new anthology featuring work by William Burroughs, Philip Jose Farmer, Jack Trevor Story, Jim Leon, Langdon Jones, Heathcote Williams, Gerald Soarfe, Terry Wilson and Brion Gysin.

-- Paul C. Allen

Vinge/Freff, "From Bach to Broccoli" by Richard Keams/Geoffrey Darrow, "Alas, My Love" by James Tucker/Val Lakey, "The Dragon of Dunloon" by Arthur Dembling/Dileen Marsh, "The Middle Woman" by Byron Kaley/Lymne Anne Goodwin, "Soldatenmangel" by Victor Milan/Michael Goodwin, "A Dragon in the Man" by Kevin Christensen/Clyde Caldwell, "The Thermals of August" by Ed Bryant/Roger Stone, "Nevgenya" by Janet Gluckman/Richard Hull, "Dragon Touched" by Dave Smeds/Michael Hague, "Dragon Lore" (Verse) by Steve Rasnic Tem/Victoria Foyser, and "My Bones Waxed Old" (Verse) by Robert Frasier/Reuben Fox. Art director for both volumes is Michael Goodwin.

"All of the stories are, in my opinion, quite good," Card adds. "Some are exceptional and, to my knowledge, such an anthology--with artist--individually matched to story--has never been done before. For those who might fear this will be just another entry in the same old dragon story collection, there is a tremendous amount of originality and freshness in these volumes."

Now that he is through riding dragons for a while, Card is working on drafts of an epic historical novel for Berkley entitled *Saints*; he notes it is a retelling of his own ethnic history. "I am also in the process of adapting *Wingmaker*, a full-length play of mine, into a novel, which will be fantasy to some extent--a man flies in the fourteenth century--but which will read like, and be marketed as, a serious mainstream novel."

Darrell Schweitzer, whose first novel *The White Isle* is currently being serialized in *Fantastic Stories*, has started work on a revision to his second novel, *The Shattered Goddess* (previously reported as *His Name Shall Be Mystery*).

He also reports that his Lord Dunsany collection, *The Ghosts of the Heavside Layer*, is well into production and should be out from Owlswick Press in a few months. The volume will be illustrated by Tim Kirk and will contain the following stories: "The Ghosts of the Heavside Layer," "Told Under Oath," "The Field Where the Satyrs Danced," "By Night in the Forest," "A Royal Swan," "How the Lost Causes Were Removed From Valhalla," "Correcting Nature," "Autumn Cricket," "In the Mojave," "The Ghost of the Valley," "The Ghost in the Old Corridor," "Jorken's Problem," "The Revelation to Mr. Periple," and "A Fable for Moderns."

I noticed the proliferation of T. S. Eliot quotes. I'm a pushover for writers who do that and then there's this overall Edgar Pangborn feel and a Silverbergian android with a terminal case of melancholy.

Set in a world where books have all but become obsolete, where 'quick sex' and apathy are king and queen and the population is steadily dwindling due to a deliberate malfunction of the birth control computer--*Mockingbird* makes for a delicious read.

It's the story of one man who teaches himself to read and is manipulated by the android that runs the world, an android who cannot kill himself but wants to quite badly. It's also a romance with the female part handled by a woman the man discovers living from hand-to-mouth (and illegally) in a computerized zoo complete with computerized children. The android's name is Spofforth; the man's name is Bentley and the woman, Mary Lou. They make for one of the most intriguing romantic triangles I've read about in a long time.

Bentley is the primary focal point and the most enjoyable character. His development is charted through a series of journal excerpts. He chronicles the growing awareness of the decay endured by his numb society as he becomes a voracious, impelled reader. But Mary Lou's characterization never achieves his depth because of the narrow role Tevis provides her.

Like *Fahrenheit 451*, this novel practically defies the act of reading. In fact, during some scenes, visions of the author taking a sledgehammer to the nearest TV, accompanied by rabid cheers, ran through my head. Note this quote:

"New York is very peaceful and especially at night, but I thought of all those people, those lives, watching television, and I kept thinking, *They know nothing of the past, not of their own past, nor of anyone else's past.*"

Irresistable...good and evil are clearly defined: the hero can read and the bad guy can't. The only thing wrong with that is that it's a blanket statement and blanket statements have a way of going against the grain. There's something disturbing with such a conclusion. Especially since I am never convinced totally that Spofforth is really a bad guy.

But ambivalent feeling about the ending aside, *Mockingbird* is a very good book and I was not too surprised, after discovering that

Tevis is the author who gave us *The Hustler* and *The Man Who Fell to Earth*--two works I first came into contact with at the movies.

Knowing that, I'm even more impressed with this book. His stand against television as a manipulative, dangerous medium assumes even more impact.

-- Melissa Mia Hall



A novel by J.O. JEPPELSON
Author of *THE SECOND EXPERIMENT*

The Last Immortal by J. O. Jeppson.
Houghton Mifflin, New York, February 1980, 278 pp. \$9.95

This is Jeppson's second book. She is a Manhattan physician and the wife of well known science fiction/fact writer Isaac Asimov. The protagonist is a robot named Tec, who is actually older than the universe because a group of aliens from a twin universe (Alpha Universe) dumped him into our (Beta) universe when they traveled here via passage through a black hole in Alpha Universe. There is the big bang, you see, and when one universe is created, another universe is destroyed. The aliens, who call themselves the Roiss and very strongly resemble dragons, can travel from one universe to another, and so are the only sentient creatures known to be truly immortal in that even the end of the universe does not stop them from surviving.

If I did not know better, I would swear that this book was written by Isaac Asimov. Not that I have any doubt that Jeppson *did* write this novel. But there is just a little doubt that she has been very strongly influenced by Asimov and his work. *The Last Immortal* reads like an Asimov novel from start to finish. Certainly, Jeppson has been influenced by Asimov's robot stories and even the style and characterization in the novel are Asimovian in scope, which is to say

that there is very little of either. This is not necessarily bad. Asimov has quite a following, not so much because of his ability to use pretty words, as for the idea orientation and scientific content of his stories. And you will find plenty of this in Jeppson's novel, too. Readers will find everything in this book from sentient turtles to sentient galaxies. There is plenty of action, also.

Basically speaking, if you like Asimov, then you will enjoy *The Last Immortal*.

-- David Pettus



(Specialty Publishers
continued from page 5.)

trated by Steve Hickman. Planned for fall publication is *The Weird of the White Wolf*, illustrated by Thomas Carty. Of the remaining three volumes, *The Vanishing Tower* will be illustrated by Michael Whelan and *Stormbringer* will be illustrated by Rodney Matthews. No prices have been set as yet. As with the previous Blue Star edition, the Archival Press volumes will be bound in a simulated leather with matching slipcases.

Not mentioned in Archival's news release was the fifth book in the series, *The Bone of the Black Sword*. Archival Press, Box 93, MIT Branch, Cambridge, MA 02139.

OSWALD TRAIN

Oswald Train, a private publisher in Philadelphia, recently announced the publication of a new collection of previously uncollected stories and nonfiction by Olaf Stapledon, entitled *Far Future Calling*. The book's contents include five stories (only one of which has appeared in the U.S.), a radio play ("Far Future Calling"), a 1948 address to the British Interplanetary Society, and an introduction and biography by Sam Moskowitz. The price is \$12. Oswald Train: Publisher, P. O. Box 1891, Philadelphia, PA 19105.

SF BOOK CLUB

The Science Fiction Book Club has announced as its April selections *The Black Hole* by Alan Dean Foster and *Triplcity* by Thomas M. Disch. The latter is an omnibus volume containing three novels: *Echo Round His Bones*, *The Genocides* and *The Puppies of Terra*. *Black Hole* is priced at \$2.49 and *Triplcity* at \$4.50.

